FIFTEEN CENTS

New MASSES

After Munich
AN EDITORIAL
and a Cable from London by
R. PALME DUTT

Bruce Barton's Clients
RUTH McKENNEY

Box Score on the Primaries
A. B. MAGIL

A Tip for Mr. Dies
RICHARD H. ROVERE

Radio Covers the News
GEORGE SCOTT

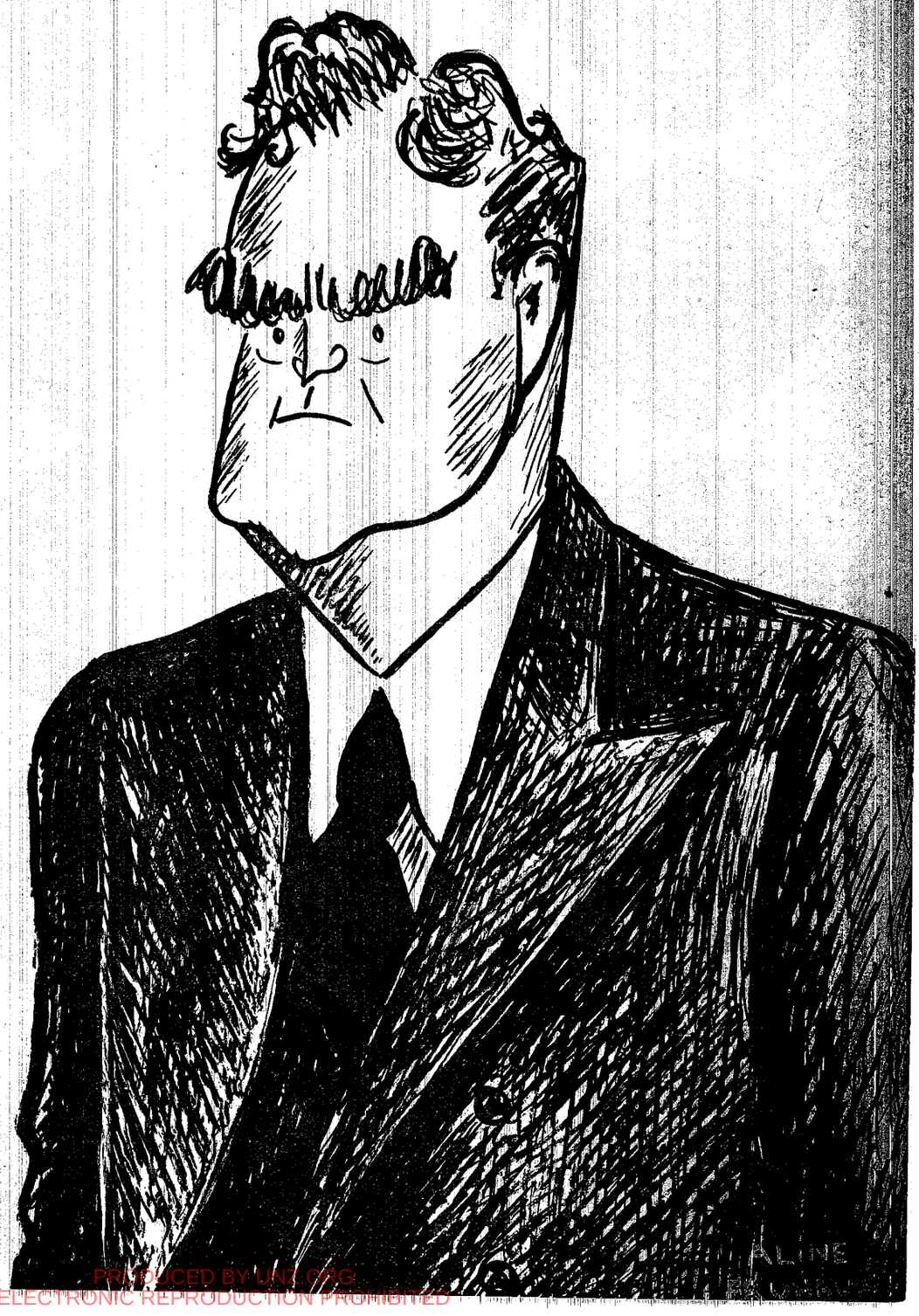
A Bleached Lady
A Short Story by
LILLIAN HELLMAN

Book Reviews by
GRANVILLE HICKS
CHRISTINA STEAD
LOUIS LOZOWICK
SAMUEL PUTNAM
BRUCE MINTON

Cartoons by Gropper, Gardner Rea, Richter, Ajay, and Others

ON THE COVER
Bruce Barton
TURN TO PAGE 15

OCT. 11, 1938



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Emergency Appeal

LAST WEEK we published an emergency appeal for $5,000. We have received to date exactly $2,750, but of this $2,500 represents a loan. This loan, and only this loan, enabled us to continue publishing. We must have the entire $5,000.

To bring our critical situation directly to our readers, we are calling an emergency meeting for this Friday evening, at the Manhattan Opera House, 34th Street and Eighth Avenue. (Details on page 25.) This is for our New York readers.

To all other readers, everywhere, we send out again our most urgent call to come to our help, with whatever they can send in, at once. We cannot afford to take valuable space and devote precious time to these appeals. There isn't time for a "campaign." The plain and desperate fact is that unless we raise this $5,000 emergency fund at once, we face the danger of immediate suspension.

If you live in New York, come to our emergency meeting Friday night. If you live out of town, send in whatever you can, now, today.

THE EDITORS.

NEW MASSES is proud to announce its first annual Art Exhibit which will take place at the ACA Gallery from November 13 to 27 inclusive. The works in small sculpture, painting, and prints will represent the best of a large group of our most significant artists.

Our first major affair for the season opens this Sunday evening at Carnegie Hall when Martha Graham will appear in *American Document*. We ask those readers and friends who have thus far neglected to buy or reserve tickets, to call us immediately at CAledonia 5-3076.

Two poems which have appeared in NEW MASSES—"Georgia Nightmare" by Edwin Rolfe and "Longshoreman's Song" by Elsa Gidlow—will be presented to music written for them by Elmo Russ, in a joint recital with Marcel Victor Juster, pianist, on Friday, October 7, 8:45 p.m. at Nola's Studio in Steinway Hall, New York City. The recital will also include songs made from poems by Archibald MacLeish, Langston Hughes, Mary Carolyn Davies, and Theodore Dreiser.

Joshua Kunitz, contributing editor of NEW MASSES, will speak on "Cultural Trends in the Soviet Union" at the Philadelphia People's Forum, Sunday, October 9, at 8:15 p.m. Kunitz, who has spent a number of years in the Soviet Union and has written several books and articles on the land of Socialism, is now at work on a biography of the Soviet poet Mayakovsky. The forum will be held at Musicians Hall, 120 North 18th St., Philadelphia.

Sidney Kaufman, who has contributed movie reviews to NEW MASSES and whose film criticisms are broadcast weekly over WQXR, has organized a Monday-night series of fifteen lectures, screenings, and discussions on the cinema, at the New School for Social Research, which began October 3. Speakers such as Ernst Toller, Dudley Nichols, Paul Strand, Walter Wanger, Kurt Weill, Frank S. Nugent, John Howard Lawson, and Clifford Odets will take part.

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXIX, No. 3

October 11, 1938

After Munich *by R. Palme Dutt* 3
America in the Crisis *An Editorial* 5
Radio Covers the News *by George Scott* 6
Editorial Comment 8
Memoirs of an Ostrich *by Robert Forsythe* 10
Box Score on the Primaries *by A. B. Magil* 11
Transatlantic *by Norman Macleod* 14
Bruce Barton's Clients *by Ruth McKenney* 15
A Tip for Mr. Dies *by Richard H. Rovere* 17
TVA Defends Itself *by Adam Lapin* 19
A Bleached Lady *by Lillian Hellman* 20
Lullaby *by Elya Bresler* 21
Readers' Forum 22

REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Superman and the Socialist *by Granville Hicks* . . . 23
Revolution in Finland *by Christina Stead* 24
American Artist *by Louis Lozowick* 25
A Program for Democracy *by Bruce Minton* 26
Mexican Progress *by Samuel Putnam* 28

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Poison on the Luce *by Ruth McKenney* 29
Sacha the Showoff *by James Dugan* 29
Modern Recordings *by Roy Gregg* 31

Art work by Aline Fruhauf (cover), Sorkin, Gardner Rea, J. Bartlett, A. Ajay, William Gropper, Crockett Johnson, Mischa Richter, Alec, Stanley De Graff, Malman, Ruben Perez, Charles Martin.

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Who's Who

R. PALME DUTT is editor of the British *Labour Monthly*, and the London correspondent of NEW MASSES. . . . George Scott is radio editor of the magazine *Fight*. . . . Adam Lapin is Washington correspondent of the *Daily Worker*. . . . Lillian Hellman, playwright and fiction writer, is best remembered for her highly successful Broadway play, *The Children's Hour*. . . . Christina Stead has had a number of novels published, the latest of which is *House of All Nations*. . . . Louis Lozowick is an outstanding Marxian art critic. . . . Samuel Putnam, author, translator, and a frequent contributor to NEW MASSES, is a close student of Latin-American affairs.

Flashbacks

MEETING for the first time in a national revolutionary gathering, Americans attended the Stamp Act Congress, Oct. 7, 1765. Out of this congress came a "Declaration of Rights and Grievances," the first joint document of the uniting colonies. . . . Charles Fourier, French Utopian Socialist and one of the long series of radical Europeans contributing to American thought, died Oct. 10, 1837. Albert Brisbane (father of "Gorilla" Arthur) said of his original stimulation by Fourier's work: "Now for the first time I had come across the idea which I had never met before—the idea of dignifying and rendering attractive the manual labor of mankind. To elevate such labors, and invest them with dignity, was indeed a mighty revolution!" . . . . The Russian general strike which began the 1905 "dress rehearsal" for a less cerebral kind of revolution began with a printers' walkout on October 7. . . . . And lest we forget, an earlier economic system finally burst its geographical bounds Oct. 12, 1492. On that day Columbus sighted unexploited America.

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After Munich

No Defeatism! Rally the Peace Forces!

R. PALME DUTT

London (By Cable).

THE urgency of the present hour requires immediate and active response from all the democratic peace forces, especially in Britain, France, and the United States. The fury and loathing with which every honorable man and woman must regard the black betrayal by Chamberlain, Halifax, Daladier, and Bonnet, who have not only sacrificed the brave Czech people to the Nazi bandits but have thereby deliberately, in the vain hope of saving their rotting regime, torn down the dykes of peace and opened the gates to the full flood of fascist domination and war over Europe for the destruction of their peoples—this fury and loathing must not for a moment blind us. It must on the contrary redouble and steel our energy and determination for the urgent practical tasks that now arise in consequence of this betrayal.

Nothing is to be gained by concealing the realities we have now to face. The alliance of Chamberlain and his tool, Daladier, with Hitler and Mussolini has dealt a heavy blow to peace and democracy in Europe. They have succeeded in making a breach in the defenses of the peace front: they have isolated France from its allies and reduced it to the status of a second-class power: they have presented Hitler with the strategic and economic domination of all Central and Southeastern Europe: they have frightened away every smaller state from the side of the Western democracies, whose "friendship" has been proved in the hour of trial more deadly than the open enmity of fascism: and they now seek to clamp down Europe under a fascist directory.

Neither should it be forgotten that the temporary success of this criminal pro-fascist policy, completely contrary to the democratic anti-fascist feelings of the British and French peoples, has only been made possible by the collapse at the critical moment of those vacillating labor, Socialist, and democratic elements who let themselves be carried away by the lying "war danger" propaganda of Chamberlain and his Nazi allies, the lie that the firm maintenance of the peace front would lead to the certainty of war, and therefore fell into support of Chamberlain as the "savior of peace."

But the present situation is too serious for divisions over the past. The eyes of those who were blinded are now being opened. The real menace consequent on the betrayal is becoming visible to all. It is essential for all to unite and to throw aside all weakness and hesitation in order to defeat this menace. Fascism is a ruthless and rapid enemy. It will seek to take advantage of the temporary disarray into which the peace forces have been thrown by this betrayal in order to strike new blows. The first of these blows is now being directed at Spanish democracy. This is the purpose of the proposed Anglo-Italian and Franco-Italian conversations.

Spanish democracy is unconquered, is stronger than ever on the basis of the internal position in Spain. If only we can hold off this new blow being planned from outside, if only we can now win for loyalist Spain the material aid to which it has full right from British and French democracy. By aid to Spain we can save the French and British peoples. We can deliver the first check to the fascist four-power directory. We can counter the blow of Munich. This is the center of the fight.

Sorkin

What of the further outlook of the international situation? This depends immediately on the answer to three questions: What is the prospect of the Four Power Pact? Where will Hitler's drive turn next? What is the future now for the peace front? The answer to all these questions is governed above all by the political situation in Britain and France. The continuous dream of British policy, of the Four Power Pact, appears on the surface realized. But in the real relations of power it is a very different Four Power Pact from that of which Britain dreamt. The British aim of the Four Power Pact has been the aim of the consolidation of European reaction, with the power of France and Germany balanced under British hegemony and with the point turned against the Soviet Union and eventually against the United States. But France has been reduced to extreme weakness and inferiority by British policy. Britain is in consequence isolated and in a weak position before the Berlin-Rome axis; and the effective leadership is, as a result, in the hands of Hitler.

Chamberlain may dream that Hitler will turn the power which British capitulation has surrendered into his hands against the Soviet Union and spare Britain. Such an attempt is not excluded, but it is by no means the greatest likelihood that Hitler should necessarily direct his attack first against the strongest state in the world, the one state which had stood firm and not trembled before fascism. There are three other directions to which Hitler may first turn his attack.

His first and most obvious line of advance is to follow up the reduction of Czechoslovakia by pressing forward his domination in Central, Eastern, and Southeastern Europe up to the borders of the Soviet Union and the Black Sea; to follow up the Drang Nach Osten into the Balkans, leading towards the Near and Middle East, Irak, and the old region of conflict with Britain.

The second line of attack is against France, whose annihilation still remains the aim set out in *Mein Kampf*. British reaction's hos-

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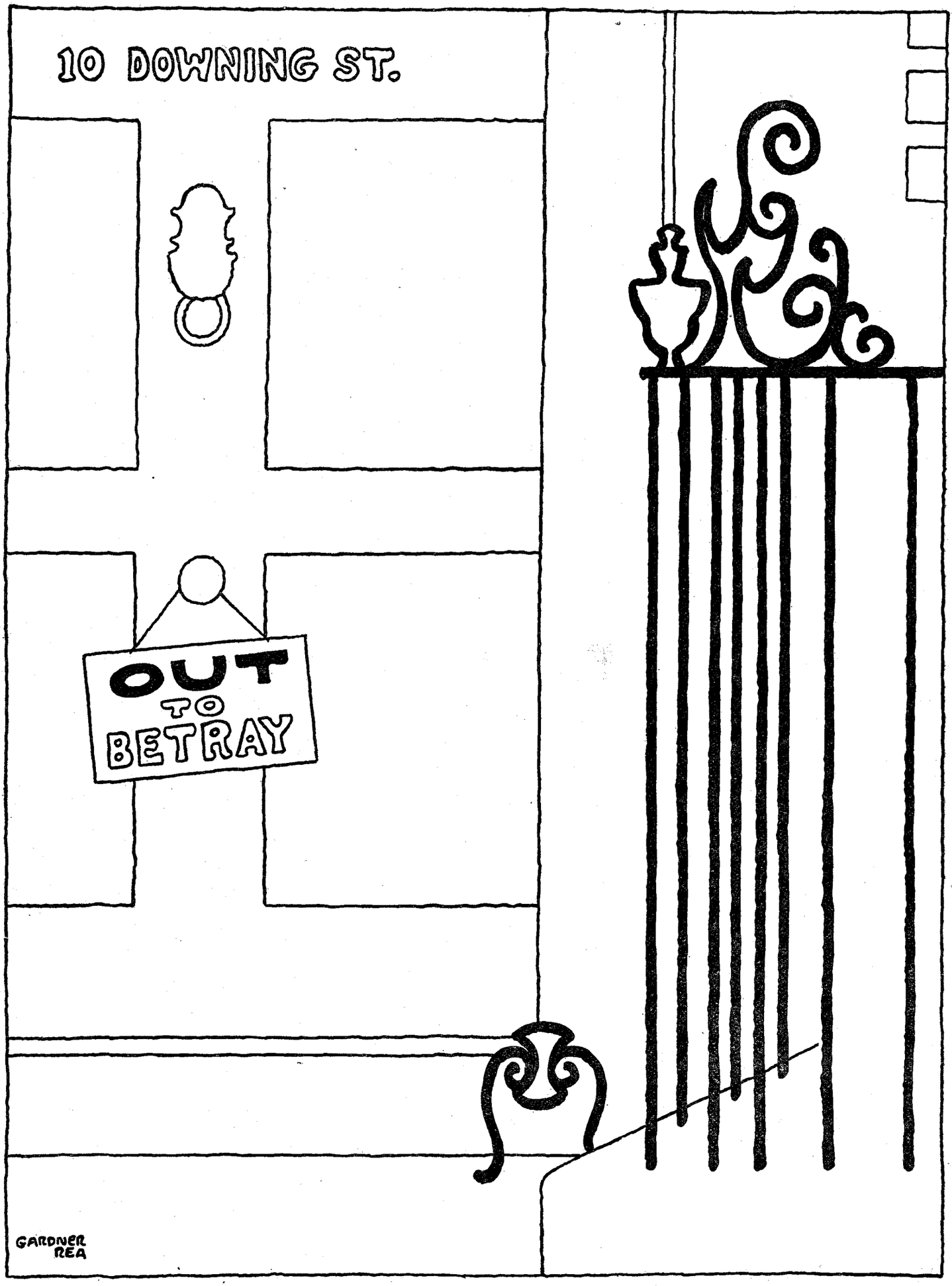

Gardner Rea

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tility to the people's front is unconcealed; and the Anglo-German Pact to the exclusion of France is the first sign of the isolation of France. Here the attack may in the first place follow the Spanish model and develop initially as the assault of French reaction in the service of Hitler against French democracy, with the aim to turn France into a vassal fascist state tied to Hitler.

The third line of attack now coming more and more into the open behind all the guise of present "friendship" is the deep and basic conflict with Britain for the possession of the spoils of the empire. Hitler's demand to Chamberlain for colonies is the direct warning of this future offensive. As this offensive comes more and more openly into view, the disquiet and division grows in the ranks of the conservatives. Alongside the anger of the popular forces against Chamberlain rises also the anger within the conservative ranks, seen in the resignation of Duff Cooper and the debate in Parliament.

Chamberlain's laurel crown of victory is already withering on his brow and will yet turn into his crown of thorns. Everything now depends on the political struggle of the popular forces in France and Britain. We have still an overwhelming superiority of the forces in the world that can save peace. If we can realize unity, if the popular forces can win in Britain and France, we can then win the cooperation of the United States together with the Soviet Union for peace. Such an Anglo-French-American-Soviet combination for peace, together with a revived and strengthened League of Nations, would rally the smaller states in Europe which still fear domination by Hitler, especially Yugoslavia, Rumania, Poland, and the Scandinavian states, and could still save peace and prevent world war. To this aim all our efforts need now to be directed against the reactionary Four Power Pact of fascist domination.

We call for a real international conference, including the United States and the Soviet Union, for the organization of collective security on a world basis, for peace. The realization of this depends on the defeat of Chamberlain and the pro-fascist forces in Britain and France. All divisions and weakness must now be cast aside. We must drive out the traitors who have brought the British and French peoples to the extremity of danger.

Unity of the democratic and peace forces can still achieve this, for the defense and victory of Spanish democracy, for the defeat of Chamberlain, Hitler's ally, and the victory of the democratic peace front in Britain and France, which can stem the advance of fascism, for a world conference of Britain, France, the Soviet Union, and the United States together with the smaller states to organize the collective maintenance of peace against aggression. The existence and future of democracy in France, in Britain, and in Europe and the peace of the world are at stake.

America in the Crisis

Isolation Cripples Our Effectiveness for Peace

AN EDITORIAL

THE conflict over Czechoslovakia brought the United States into the arena of European affairs with a directness and determination never displayed since the last war.

Both of President Roosevelt's messages received unanimous applause from the most diverse circles. The pretense that this country could stay out of a major European war was dropped, for the time being, even by the most rabid isolationists. Last week, when war seemed actually upon us, there was no significant disagreement with President Roosevelt's efforts to do something in a concrete and public way in the emergency. It was realized that the United States would be dragged into any such war and, in our own interests, it was necessary to take some action.

Nevertheless, the results were exactly the opposite of what was intended. Prime Minister Chamberlain seized upon Mr. Roosevelt's second message as additional camouflage in the staging of the Munich betrayal. Later, before Parliament, Chamberlain emphasized his great debt to Mr. Roosevelt, implying that the United States had to take part of the responsibility—credit, he would say—for that meeting.

There was a big difference between the Munich affair and the President's proposal. Instead of a general conference of all the interested powers, which would include Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union, as Mr. Roosevelt urged, only the four chief conspirators met in Munich. Instead of a neutral city, the original home of the Nazi movement was chosen. Certainly the outcome of the Munich meeting would have been very different had Mr. Roosevelt's proposals prevailed.

It is sheer duplicity for opponents of collective security to maintain that the Munich meeting or the perversion of Mr. Roosevelt's messages signifies the end of collective security. Even less does it mean any "refutation" of collective security.

Had collective security prevailed during the Czechoslovak crisis, France would have kept its pledge and every democratic power would have backed it up. There would have been nothing secret about it. Exactly the contrary happened. Chamberlain and Daladier came to an agreement with Hitler in violation of pledges and with the complete renunciation of democratic principles. This deal had nothing in common with collective security.

But there is another sense in which collective security is said to have been made impossible. How is it possible to cooperate with France and Britain as long as Chamberlain and Daladier get away with such betrayals? it is asked. The answer is: It is not possible. But the fight for collective security is not aimed exclusively against Hitler. In France and Britain, the main enemies of collective security are the Chamberlains and Daladiers. To oppose their betrayals is necessarily to defend the opposite principles of standing together against the aggressors.

It is nonsense to assume that the diplomacy of Chamberlain and Daladier is the basis of collective security. The real motive force must come from the people, trade unions, progressive political parties, youth organizations, and the like. It requires continuous vigilance and continuous action against the allies of the aggressors at home. The actions of Chamberlains and Daladiers may make collective security more difficult but only by making the continuation of peace itself more difficult. The Munich meeting did not "refute" the possibility of peace; it betrayed the interests of peace. Neither did it "refute" collective security; it made collective security more difficult but even more necessary.

The experience of the past week proved that it is useless to broadcast laudable hopes and aspirations in the expectation that they will realize themselves. Quite the contrary happened. Our hopes and aspirations were seized upon by a corrupt and desperate clique of diplomatic plunderers and converted to their own ends. This must have made Mr. Roosevelt uncomfortable, as a perversion of his own intentions, but it did not have the slightest effect in Munich.

Indeed, we now confront another such episode. The Munich conference may meet again, this time as a Four Power Conference, to complete the betrayal of Czechoslovakian democracy by betraying all democracy on a larger scale. It will be necessary for them again to camouflage the affair in the language of peace and European friendship.

Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles' speech on October 3 implicitly supported the calling of a general conference at which "remaining problems" could be solved. It would not surprise us if Mr. Chamberlain should take the text of this speech and convert it also to his own ends. Instead of a real international conference, including all the powers, the British tories will simply limit it to four, thereby changing its entire character. A conference of four under the present circumstances would amount to a back-room plot to

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slug the democratic world into submission for Hitler's next demands.

A clear definition of purposes is necessary. An international conference of *all* countries to adjust the differences between nations without resort to force is most desirable. But it is precisely the sort of thing Hitler and his satellites will go to greatest extremes to avoid. Their own diplomacy is carried on at the point of a gun.

More decisive action by the United States, and not withdrawal from world affairs, as the isolationists advocate, is essential if the German, Italian, and Japanese fascist cabal is to be prevented from continuing the barbarous aggressions which make war inevitable. Action by the United States is necessary not merely for altruistic reasons and out of general feelings of sympathy for all countries where some measure of democratic government prevails, but from considerations of the most practical self-interest. For what threatens Europe and Asia today will threaten the United States tomorrow.

The paramount need today is for more articulate and effective efforts by the American labor movement and all progressive forces to make the influence of the most powerful country in the world decisive for the ending of fascist aggression and the maintenance of peace. The potential strength of the peace-loving people of the world is far greater than that of the warmakers and their accomplices. It is not yet too late to quarantine the aggressors and isolate in every country those who assist them. What we risk by action is far less than the dangers of inaction. The peace and security of the American people are at stake.

★

Military Chauvinism

THE twentieth annual convention of the American Legion again dodged consideration of a resolution to open all branches of the army, navy, artillery, and air force to all American citizens. The Baltimore *Afro-American* reports that:

> Not only was the resolution, introduced simultaneously by Kansas, Iowa, Ohio, California, and the District of Columbia given the run-around in the defense committee on resolutions, but Albert L. Dunlap, lone colored delegate among 1,340 white delegates, was ruled off the floor after he had obtained unanimous consent to talk for the resolution for three minutes. A white delegate used the parliamentary trick of "moving the previous question."
>
> National Commander Doherty put the motion and Dunlap was ruled off the floor although he protested that he had also been denied the right to speak before the resolutions committee.
>
> Dunlap said afterwards that racial discrimination in the army and navy amounted to taxation without representation.
>
> He added that the only way to secure an equitable proportion of officers and enlisted men in the armed forces is through militant action of all civic and national organizations who can sell the idea to the country.

Radio Covers the News

The Networks Score in Their Battle with the Press

GEORGE SCOTT

RADIO scored a knockdown, if not a knockout, last week in its ten-year-old battle with the press. As the result of the European crisis newspapers have found themselves reduced to mere printed footnotes to broadcasts and are likely to remain so in future emergencies.

Way back in 1928 or thereabouts Kid Radio hopped into the ring and proceeded to batter his aging opponent to a pulp. Strategy won the second round for the newspapers, however. They threatened to boycott the radio by refusing to list its programs. So the broadcasters, who were in desperate need of publicity at that time, agreed to disband their nascent news-gathering organizations and confine themselves to purveying entertainment except for occasional bulletins postscripted by the familiar line: "Further details will be found in your newspapers."

The third round started about a year ago when the press—including a number of national magazines—came to the realization that their advertisers were deserting them in favor of sponsored broadcasts. Immediately a campaign of vilification was started by the *Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Liberty,* and other publications, while more than one hundred large newspapers broke their previous agreement by dropping all mention of radio programs.

In spite of all this, the networks alone signed up around $25,000,000 in new business for the 1938-39 season while newspaper and magazine advertising continued to slip.

The climax came, however, when Hitler began screaming. From the moment that the Sudeten question became acute, newspapers went completely out of the running as far as spot coverage was concerned. Events changed so rapidly that their editions became stale before they reached the streets. Their allies, the popular magazines, were even worse off.

So the American public, which previously had turned on its radio to ease the monotony of housework or as a background for bridge, suddenly awoke to the fact that here was the only medium which could make any pretense of keeping them abreast of events.

And immediately they took the Columbia network's venerable commentator, H. V. Kaltenborn, to their bosoms. Here was a man who talked their own staccato language, who clung to the nineteenth-century liberal tradition that Chamberlain, Hitler, and the rest of the gang were all honorable men, who taught them bits of history, world politics, and classical economics in words of one syllable, and who repeated himself endlessly so that his words might have a chance to penetrate the skulls of millions of people who had just begun to realize that something had gone horribly wrong.

As a result of this affection for Kaltenborn a strange thing seems to have happened. Columbia, which, since its inception, has been to the National Broadcasting Co. as the United Press is to the all-powerful Associated Press, climbed almost overnight into a pre-eminent position.

The red tape of the larger and older network prevented its acting as quickly as its rival. It turned up its aristocratic Rockefeller nose at the idea of using a commentator on the American side and picked up almost all of its programs abroad. Moreover, it failed to realize its listeners' hunger for an elementary explanation of the cause of it all.

As a result listeners tuned out by the millions in favor of CBS, while even the relatively insignificant Mutual Broadcasting System showed itself more resourceful than NBC by inaugurating its spectacular nightly practice of rebroadcasting records of short-wave commentaries made in English from stations in Germany, Great Britain, Italy, France, and Czechoslovakia.

Columbia got another break in the fact that it has as its European representative one Edward Murrow, a man of intelligence, wide experience, and liberal views, while NBC's agent over there is Max Jordan, a Germanophile and—it is often said—a Nazi sympathizer.

Because of this situation Columbia signed up Maurice Hindus, author of *Humanity Uprooted* and *Green Worlds,* as its Prague commentator; gave Vincent Sheean of *Personal History* fame a roving assignment throughout Czechoslovakia, and, in addition to the usual "experts," presented men like Herbert Hodge, a London taxi driver, who made one of the most accurate analyses of the Czech sell-out yet to be heard.

Broadcasts such as that by Hodge were especially significant in America because of the fact that Britishers were not allowed to hear them. The British Broadcasting Corp. had clapped down a rigid censorship, even going so far as to deny the air to Anthony Eden when he made his historic Stratford-on-Avon address attacking Chamberlain's policies.

As far as scoops go, at this writing, Columbia has been able to beat the world with the announcement of Czechoslovakia's note of surrender to Chamberlain; with its famous "sold down the river" roundup of American editorial opinion, and with President Roose-

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velt's first appeal to Hitler. NBC alone carried Litvinov's memorable address at Geneva, and Mutual has had its nightly recordings.

The most obvious weakness in the coverage by all three networks was their preoccupation with events abroad and their almost complete failure to allow American public opinion to express itself on the crisis. Then there was the fact that when static (some of it undoubtedly made in Germany) interfered with broadcasts from Czechoslovakia and France, the radio was left badly out on a limb. And finally, Columbia's New York office showed a predilection for putting on International News Service (Hearst) correspondents from Germany and Italy. As might have been expected these men invariably made pro-fascist speeches, which had to be apologized for because of protests from listeners.

This leads up to one of the most cheerful things about the whole mad scramble: American public opinion *was* aroused to a high pitch. Telephone switchboards of the networks were swamped from morning until late at night with requests for information about broadcasting schedules from Europe, with suggestions for subjects to be discussed and with demands for fuller information on various points at issue.

When Kaltenborn made his one big slip by interpreting Hitler's second broadcast as a promise of peace instead of further provocation against President Benes and an effort to split the Czech and Slovak nations, the commentator's most loyal followers protested vigorously and intelligently.

There were, of course, the usual percentage of "nut" phone calls, but most of these had an unmistakable Nazi snarl in them, and many were outright threats against the "Jew-controlled" networks.

One other point remains to be cleared up: What will radio do if there actually is a war? The most logical answer is "Nothing." The networks long ago have abandoned all hope of putting on broadcasts from the battlefields, although Kaltenborn once succeeded in doing just that during the battle for Irun in Spain. In a major conflict, however, it is felt that censorship will be so strict that commentators will have to depend mainly on propaganda handouts from the various governments. A portable transmitter can't be hidden as a correspondent's notebook can, and this may be the final salvation of the newspapers.

If America joins the struggle, the situation will be even worse from the viewpoint of the broadcasters. All hands agree that this government promptly would take over control of the air as one of its first acts. This move would make it possible to mobilize public opinion for war in a shorter time than was ever possible before on this side of the Atlantic, and may mean the end of commercial broadcasting.

J. Bartlett

"Wonderful, my boy! It worked so well that we're actually heroes!"

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NEW MASSES
ESTABLISHED 1911

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★

Green's Losing Strategy

THE AFL executive council presents a bold face to the world as the annual convention opens in Houston. The yearly report attacks the National Labor Relations Board, ignores the legislative program of the New Deal, calls for a continuation of the famous "war chest" assessment.

But behind the arrogant façade, the gentlemen of the AFL executive council tremble in their tasseled boots. Progressive forces are gaining strength within the AFL member unions. William Green's bumbling political pronouncements are repudiated again and again by important AFL subsidiary bodies. The Houston convention may give delegates a chance to challenge the anti-democratic policies of the AFL dictators.

And this is no mere wishful thinking. The *Guild Reporter,* one of labor's liveliest, best edited union organs, celebrates the opening of the Houston convention this week with a detailed roundup of anti-Green forces within the AFL. With impressive documentation, the *Guild Reporter* questions the correctness of newspaper headlines, GREEN SPEAKS FOR LABOR, or even GREEN SPEAKS FOR AFL. The digest shows that for two years, every important Green pronouncement has been challenged by state AFL conventions and member AFL unions in conventions.

This year's annual AFL report shows the uncertainty of Green and his supporters within the executive council. The report sidesteps the election issues and tries to omit any reference to the reactionary role Green has played in the primary contests and election campaigns. Green has already invited the tory Republican Senator Davis to address the convention, and this in spite of the fact that the leadership of the Pennsylvania AFL has repudiated Green's endorsement. But it appears that, outside of this red flag to progressives, Green prefers not to raise the political issues in the convention.

The same backing away from issues disgruntled progressives can fight on is shown in the handling of the "war chest" assessment. Instead of labeling it, as it has been marked in the last two years, as an anti-CIO measure, this year's report calls it an assessment to "organize the unorganized."

Progressive forces within the convention itself are stronger this year than last. The greatest growth in AFL unions has been among those that oppose the anti-New Deal policies of Green and his cronies. The teachers, the printers, the hotel and restaurant workers, the teamsters have more votes today than in 1937.

It would be foolish to expect the masters of the AFL executive council to be defeated at the Houston convention. But their authority will undoubtedly be challenged, and their policies may have to be modified somewhat if progressive strength shows itself united and growing.

Hisses and Rifts

EVIDENCE of popular resentment against Hitler's latest grab and Neville Chamberlain's silver-platter delivery of Czechoslovakia can be found in the treatment accorded the belligerent Nazi agent, Fritz Kuhn, as he and his followers traipsed the countryside around New York trying to scare up crowds to celebrate the Sudeten victory. Everywhere the Kuhn caravan went it was greeted by hundreds of hecklers and more than a few aged vegetables. The high point came in Union City, N. J., where Kuhn was forced, by hisses and brickbats, to leave a dinner of roast beef, red cabbage, and potatoes, and head for home.

And in New York Kuhn's Bund was the basis for a rift in the United German Societies celebrating German Day in Madison Square Garden. This federation, whose leadership is pro-Nazi on the whole, was split by internal dissension centering around its relationships with the militant Bund. The meeting, which in the past has attracted upward of twenty thousand German Americans, was attended by a sparse seven thousand this year, despite the fact that Hamilton Fish graced it with his presence and with loud panegyrics for the Munich handout, combined with an attack on the New Deal. Previous to the meeting the director of the pageant, Hanns Muenz, quit because he anticipated a lack of ardent pro-Nazi sentiment, and the German-American Commercial League withdrew for the same reason. The split, in essence, seemed to be over the matter of tactics, whether or not the Bund was wise in its attempt to foist Nazism on America. What this actually reflected, of course, was that large sections of the membership of the United German Societies were undoubtedly feeling distrust of Hitlerism and, in particular, of Hitlerism's adherents in this country. No doubt that feeling will grow as German-Americans come better to understand the fruits and techniques of fascism and aggression.

For Whom Do They Speak?

THREE apparently unrelated events in the past week have served to cast additional light on the national political scene. One is *Fortune* magazine's survey of President Roosevelt's popularity, another is the interview which Senator Burke of Nebraska gave on his return from a study of labor conditions in Europe, and a third is a recent editorial in the *Wall Street Journal.*

Fortune's survey (which is conducted along somewhat different lines from the Gallup poll) shows that Roosevelt is more popular now than he was just before his landslide vote in 1936. Today 65.3 percent of the people with definite opinions favor him, as against 61.7 percent two years ago. In the last *Fortune* survey, in July, 61.8 percent were for the President. *Fortune* also reports an increase during the past three months in the favorable response to the questions: On the whole, do you like or dislike President Roosevelt's general economic objectives? the methods by which he seeks to achieve them? his advisers and political associates? A majority also support the federal relief program.

Senator Burke, a right-wing Democrat, arrived from Europe on the same day that the results of the *Fortune* survey were released. He talked to the press about the European situation and about the National Labor Relations Act. The New York *Times* tactfully omitted what Burke said about Europe and published only his blast against the Labor Relations Act. But on the *Herald Tribune* some honest soul blundered, for the headline read: SENATOR BURKE PRAISES HITLER AND NAZI'S RULE AS HE RETURNS. The story under the headline said, *inter alia:*

> He [Burke] praised without stint the accomplishments of the Nazi regime in Germany. He saw Chancellor Adolf Hitler as even "a greater man than Bismarck," and declared the annexation of the Sudeten German territory by the Reich was justified.

This is the same Senator Burke who has been denouncing Roosevelt's "dictatorship," who, together with Senator Wheeler, led the fight against the Court-reform plan, and who

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has been the chief crusader against the Wagner act.

In an editorial in its September 28 issue the *Wall Street Journal* stated:

> Those who pay the bill for a merry-go-round of relief, politics, and more relief are not going to sit idle indefinitely. Sooner or later—and probably sooner—they are going to take political action to eliminate this absurd situation by rooting it out at its source—that is, by taking an active stand in favor of those representatives who propose to see that relief is reduced and eventually eliminated.

The *Wall Street Journal* gives away the real aim of the Republican and Democratic reactionaries in this election campaign. And Senator Burke gives away the ultimate fascist objective. Both demonstrate the great gulf that lies between them and the masses of the people who want the New Deal and are more solidly behind President Roosevelt than ever before.

Little Merchants' Plight

AMERICA'S most famous little merchant, the newspaper boy, has been ordered to sleep nights by the Federal Children's Bureau. The American Newspaper Publishers Association, after a five-year battle for freedom of enterprise, has been finally forced this week to bow to child-labor laws. Still muttering their famous slogan, "Little merchants get to be big bankers or congressmen," the newspaper publishers, in full retreat, have announced their surrender. From now on they will employ only little merchants fourteen years of age or over to sell their papers on freezing corners in the nights or deliver them in icy mornings at 4 o'clock.

America's newspaper publishers are giving up the good fight for a boy's right to make 20 cents a week for eighteen hours' labor—but not with any good grace. The owners of one of the nation's biggest industries feel that the children of America have been robbed of their God-given right to study in the school of hard knocks. Where will our great men come from, now that our boys have been commanded to get a decent night's rest regularly? How can our youngsters learn the value of a penny and the joy of hard work, now that they are barred nights from the street corners of our great cities?

Three N. Y. Conventions

THE New York State political situation during the past week emerged from the shadows of conjecture and rumor and took on body and substance in terms of specific candidates and platforms. The Democratic, Republican, and American Labor Parties have held their conventions, and now the battle is on. Chief interest centers in the contest for the governorship, with Governor Lehman renominated by the Democrats for a fourth term, challenged by Thomas E. Dewey, who has hitherto confined his challenging to gangsterism and racketeering.

The Republican convention. The most illuminating thing about the Republican convention was not its choice of a gubernatorial candidate, but of a keynote speaker. Bruce Barton, whose services to liberalism are described by Ruth McKenney elsewhere in this issue, has set the tone of the entire Republican campaign. That tone is compounded of liberal pretense and glittering evasion to conceal a program that is thoroughly reactionary. The neatly marshaled advertising copy-writer's phrases of Barton's speech almost—but not quite—succeeded in hiding the fact that, under the guise of being more genuinely liberal than the New Deal, he is proposing to castrate the National Labor Relations Act and to introduce a system of relief patterned after the charity handouts of a parish priest. After Barton's speech, it no longer matters much what the Republican Party says or what Tom Dewey says. What matters is what they *mean*. Mr. Dewey may be an estimable young man with a heart of gold, but by becoming the Republican candidate for governor, he has become the instrument of political reaction in the state and nation.

The Democratic convention. The Democratic slate and platform are, on the whole, strong and progressive and represent a victory for the New Deal forces at the convention. The keynote speech of Senator Wagner was not as good "copy" as the Barton opus, but it was saturated with the spirit and program of the New Deal. The senatorial ticket of Wagner and Representative Mead is 100 percent New Deal. Governor Lehman, whom the right-wing press was trying to coax into running for the Senate because of his known coolness toward some aspects of the Roosevelt program, has been a progressive governor. His reluctant decision to run again strengthens the Democratic slate from every standpoint. And the replacement of Lieut. Gov. M. William Bray by Supreme Court Justice Charles Poletti, an outstanding liberal, adds additional New Deal weight to the ticket.

The ALP convention. The platform adopted by the American Labor Party declares that "in the current political campaign the advancement of New Deal objectives becomes the center of our interest and effort." It was in keeping with this basic aim that the American Labor Party some weeks ago endorsed several progressive Republicans for the State Legislature in return for support by Republicans of a number of ALP candidates. And it was for the same purpose that the ALP state convention nominated as its own candidates all of the genuine New Dealers on the Democratic slate. And for similar reasons it rejected two of the Democratic candidates, Atty. Gen. John J. Bennett and Controller Morris Tremaine, neither of whom is distinguished for liberalism. For these offices it has put forward its own candidates, Joseph W. O'Leary and Langdon W. Post. In other words, the ALP, while committed to the New Deal and the cause of progress and democracy, is not committed to any political machine. In the language of its platform, "the American Labor Party is a significant force in the great movement for political realignment, offering the clear opportunity to choose between the candidates pledged to progress or reaction."

The platform adopted by the ALP convention measures up to these ideals and demonstrates the independent role it is playing. While agreeing with the Democratic platform on many points, in regard to such questions as labor legislation, unemployment relief, housing, and civil liberties it offers a more complete and advanced program for providing for the needs of the people and combating reaction.

The Lincoln Brigade's Drive

THE decision of the Spanish government to withdraw all foreign volunteers from the loyalist army reflects the growing strength of the native military force and the confident unity of the government. The International Brigades served heroically in the cause of peace and democracy. In his recent statement to the League of Nations, Premier Negrín beautifully expressed the gratitude of Spain for the service of the volunteers. They were among the front fighters in the most perilous days for the republic. Their courage and enthusiasm won the respect of the entire world.

We owe a great deal, more than it is possible to say in words, to these volunteers, and particularly to our own American boys. We shall be proud and happy to have them with us again. But it will take more than good will to get them back. It will also take money. Many of the men will come directly from hospitals and it will be necessary for doctors and nurses to accompany them on their homeward journey. The Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade are planning to charter a liner for the transportation of the American volunteers. For this purpose they have undertaken an urgent drive for the raising of $150,000. A committee of distinguished citizens, headed by Langdon Post and David McKelvy White, will be in charge of the campaign.

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Forsythe's Page

Memoirs of an Ostrich

One of the most tragic days of history was lived through last week. The date was Sept. 28, 1938, and it may well be recorded as a turning point in the lives of millions of people. It was on this day that the Pittsburgh Pirates were defeated by the Chicago Cubs, 6 to 5, thus losing all chance of winning the National League pennant. The game hinged on a balk allegedly made by Pitcher Page of the Cubs late in the game. Since this is a matter of importance, it is necessary to relate the incident in full. Pittsburgh had runners on third and second, with one out. Rizzo was at bat. Before the Pirates could protest against the balk motion, Page had completed the pitch and Rizzo had hit the ball. It went down to Hack at third and resulted in a double play. Instead of having a run forced in on the balk, Pittsburgh had no runs and the side was out. Protests to the umpires were of no avail. The tragedy this incident brought into the lives of fans all over the country may well be imagined. People are said to have wept upon reading the news, standing in the streets until all hours of the night discussing the event.

The Lambeth Walk becomes increasingly popular. It is said that its best exemplar is Prince Obolensky, who has danced it repeatedly at such places as the St. Regis, the Waldorf-Astoria, and the Plaza.

We have reports of a son born to one Oscar Lambert at Danville, Mo. This of itself would be without importance if it had not been for a strange manifestation which immediately startled Dr. Henry P. Armbruster, who delivered Mrs. Lambert. Not wishing to worry the mother, Dr. Armbruster took Mr. Lambert aside.

"I must be frank with you, Mr. Lambert," said Dr. Armbruster.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Lambert, facing the doctor bravely.

"That slight dent on your son's head . . ." began the doctor.

"Yes?"

"Is an indication that your son will eventually become an editor of the *New Yorker*."

Mr. Lambert blanched but still looked bravely at Dr. Armbruster.

"Is there no hope?" he asked finally in a low voice.

"None whatever," said the doctor reluctantly.

Mr. Lambert said nothing more, simply standing with his hands clenched until the knuckles shone white.

I have been reading an excellent book by Helen Woodward on advertising. It is entitled *It's An Art* and will be published soon. Among other things she quotes a statement by Albert D. Lasker, former head of Lord & Thomas, the advertising agency:

"No more vicious calumny has ever been put forth than the suspicion that the press, in any major or important way, can be influenced editorially by its advertising patrons."

In reading *An Ambassador's Memoirs* by Maurice Paléologue, French ambassador to the court of the Czar, I came across this notation:

Wednesday, April 18, 1917.

This morning Miliukov gleefully remarked to me: "Lenin was a hopeless failure with the *Soviet* yesterday. He argued the pacifist cause so heatedly, and with such effrontery and lack of tact, that he was compelled to stop and leave the room amidst a storm of booing. He will never survive it."

Marshall Field, III, came into an inheritance of $100,000,000 recently. It is estimated that the full estate of his grandfather, which he will get upon reaching the age of fifty, will be approximately $500,000,000.

The Associated Press recounts an amusing story about a man and a skunk. Craig Phillips, youthful naturalist, formerly of Jamestown, N. Y., and now of St. Petersburg, Fla., is the gentleman involved. Sneaking up behind a mother skunk and her brood as they walked in single file along a road, Phillips grabbed up one after another, the theory being that skunks spray only with their tails arched over their backs. All went well until he was faced with the problem of letting go. He had to eventually, and the skunks sprayed in unison.

No sane man would dare forecast the possible national football champion but the signs are that the usual big teams will be successful this year. Minnesota, California, Pittsburgh, and Notre Dame are stronger than ever. Alabama has already defeated Southern California and given a plain hint that it desires another Pasadena Bowl chance. In New York Fordham has a better attack than last year and is expected to give Pittsburgh all it can handle. The weather has been exceptionally good for football lately, just the proper tang in the air. October 1 was a momentous day for America; it gave an idea of how the teams would shape up and eased the minds of many a proud alumnus who had been worried about the fate of his alma mater. Unless one has attended a great university, it is impossible to understand how important these matters can be.

The Broadway season was opened by a play about Jesse James but the most controversial early production was *Sing Out the News* by Harold Rome and Charles Friedman, the men responsible for *Pins and Needles*. The opening-night audience was important and enthusiastic, loudly cheering a number by the Negro members of the cast entitled "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones." The more reserved gentlemen in the profession, however, were not too hopeful about the success of the production. "Will the $4.40 people come?" they asked. Everybody agreed it was a fine thing that there was one country left where free speech was possible.

The other night Rudy Vallee had Ted Lewis on his radio program as a guest star. Everybody remembers Ted. He was, and still is, the man with the derby hat and the clarinet. For years he has had his own band and still manages to find vaudeville dates although vaudeville is supposed to be dead. The secret of his success is probably his fund of good spirits. His most famous saying is "Everybody happy?" and his most famous song is "When My Baby Smiles at Me." It seems to me that Ted Lewis can be a lesson to all of us. Is everybody happy? What better philosophy could we have? The weather is good, the World Series is about to start, and God is in his heaven. Everybody happy out there? Good!

Robert Forsythe.

Ajay

"Unfortunately, Adolf, I can't actually promise you Milwaukee."

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Box Score on the Primaries

Analysis Shows New Deal Victories in Most States

A. B. MAGIL

THE prestidigitators of the press have done a nifty job with the primary campaign. They have managed to transmute political brass into gold and to perform other major miracles of misrepresentation that have stood sober fact on its head. The "purge" has failed, is the cry; the New Deal's wings have been clipped. And not even the sad fate of Rep. John J. O'Connor is to be permitted to dim the luminous victories for "independence" and "democracy" in Georgia, South Carolina, Maryland, and wherever the tory eye turns its gaze. The situation has even been expressed in box-score fashion—nine to nothing against the New Deal, though, since the O'Connor debacle, this has been amended to read: nine to one. This figure, with its shattering implications for the New Deal, has been concocted by ignoring New Deal victories in many states and by playing up the limited and one-sided issue of the so-called "purge" in order to obscure the fundamental issue, stated by President Roosevelt in his "fireside chat" in June and emphasized in his speeches against Senators George and Tydings and in other pronouncements—liberalism versus conservatism, the New Deal program which the people overwhelmingly endorsed in the 1936 election versus the program of "the cold-blooded few," of big business reaction.

If the results of the primary campaign are examined in the light of this basic issue which drives to the roots of our social and political dilemma, it will be seen that the attempts of the right-wing press to create the impression of a nation-wide revolt against New Deal "dictatorship" and a rejection of the President's efforts to liberalize the Democratic Party are based on ballyhoo, bluff, and calculated chicanery. Three major facts emerge from the results of the Democratic primaries:

1. In most states the Democratic voters, far from turning against President Roosevelt, demonstrated their support of the New Deal program by nominating New Dealers for both congressional and state offices. This was particularly true where the labor and liberal forces were well organized and conducted effective campaigns. So great was the popular support for the New Deal that even the three Copperheads whom President Roosevelt sought to oust—George, Smith, and Tydings—did not dare to campaign openly against the New Deal or Roosevelt, but, on the contrary, professed to favor the major part of the New Deal program. The only one who did attack Roosevelt was Representative O'Connor—and the voters repudiated him.

2. Serious New Deal setbacks were confined almost entirely to four Southern states, Georgia, South Carolina, Maryland, and Texas. (The defeat of Senator Pope by an anti-New Dealer, Representative Wearin, in Idaho was not due to the rejection of Pope by the Democratic voters, but, as is admitted even by the conservative press, to the packing of the Democratic primary with Republican voters.) In three of these states, Georgia, South Carolina, and Texas, the major factor in the New Deal setbacks was the disfranchisement of the majority of the Negro and white electorate by the bourbon ruling class which has for so long been in power. This is apparent from the fact that in the nine Southern states which in 1936 had poll-tax laws only 24 percent of the potential electorate voted that year, as compared to 72 percent in the thirty-nine states which had no poll-tax restrictions. That the primary results in Georgia, South Carolina, Maryland, and Texas were not a repudiation of Roosevelt or of his activity in the campaign is further indicated in the September Gallup poll. This shows that it is in the South that Roosevelt has the greatest popular support, 67 percent of the voters in the Southern states being for him today, as against 55.2 percent in the country as a whole. Moreover, there has been no diminution in Roosevelt's popularity in the South since the last Gallup poll in August, that is, during the period in which he was most active in the campaign, though in the country as a whole there has been a slight drop from 56 to 55.2 percent. (It is not clear whether the term "voters" in the Gallup poll includes the disfranchised Negroes and whites. If these have been excluded, as seems likely, then Roosevelt's actual position in the South is even stronger than the poll indicates.)

3. Above all, viewed not merely in narrow terms of victory or defeat in 1938, but in the broader perspective of the unfolding struggle of the next two years leading up to the 1940 presidential election, the primary contests, even where the New Deal suffered setbacks, have served to advance the realignment of political forces, to define more sharply the camps of progress and reaction, and to consolidate the liberal front. And this was President Roosevelt's major objective in the campaign.

First, as to the actual primary results. The nine-to-nothing or nine-to-one box score is entirely synthetic. President Roosevelt personally took a stand against only four of the men on the alleged "purge" list. Moreover, not all of those on the list can be considered anti-New Dealers. For example, Senator Gillette of Iowa has almost as consistent a pro-New Deal record as his defeated opponent, Representative Wearin, and in the course of the campaign he declared himself "intensely loyal" to the New Deal. Even more important is the fact that the box-score experts manage somehow to overlook what happened in the rest of the country. And in the case of California they convert a sweeping New Deal victory into a setback.

Consider the real picture. In Alabama, Florida, Kentucky, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Ohio, and Washington New Deal senatorial candidates won impressive victories over tory opponents. Even more significant in Ohio was the defeat of Governor Davey, symbol of Girdlerism, by Charles Sawyer, who was supported by Labor's Non-Partisan League, the CIO, and the majority of the AFL membership. The Ohio voters also ousted another anti-New Dealer, Rep. Harold G. Mosier, while most of the state and congressional candidates endorsed by Labor's Non-Partisan League were successful. In Arkansas, in addition to the renomination of the New Dealer, Senator Caraway, one of the leading right-wingers on the powerful House Rules Committee, Representative Driver, was beaten. In Oregon the anti-labor Governor Martin was defeated by the New Dealer Hess. In Minnesota the pro-New Deal Farmer-Laborite, Governor Benson, won over the reactionary, Petersen, despite the fact that tens of thousands of Republicans entered the Farmer-Labor primaries in an effort to defeat Benson.

In Montana one of the outstanding progressives in the House, Jerry O'Connell, came through with flying colors against the combined opposition of Senator Wheeler's machine and the Anaconda Copper Co. In Washington Senator Bone and six liberal representatives swamped their rivals. In Michigan the position of Governor Murphy, running for renomination, was so strong that no candidate entered the primary against him; despite the absence of a contest, Murphy polled a large vote. In Pennsylvania both factions in the bitter primary campaign supported the New Deal. In Massachusetts former Governor Curley, whose record is dubious in certain respects, staged a political comeback on a platform of 100 percent support of the New Deal, defeating the anti-New Dealer, Governor Hurley. In California a passive, opportunist New Dealer, Senator McAdoo, was beaten by a fighting liberal, Sheridan Downey, who in 1932 was one of the original Roosevelt men in California. While it is true that Downey's endorsement of the $30-every-Thursday old-age pension scheme helped swell his total, the decisive factor was his enthusiastic support of the President's policies on both domestic and foreign questions. This is also indicated in the nomination for governor of Culbert L. Olson, another outstanding liberal, despite the fact that he did not endorse the $30-every-Thursday plan though he de-

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clared himself in favor of more generous pensions. On the other hand, Olson's closest rival, Representative Dockweiler, was defeated notwithstanding his endorsement of the pension scheme. In New York, whereas Copperhead O'Connor went down to defeat, New Deal representatives were successful, while the renomination of Senator Wagner and the designation of Representative Mead for the unexpired term of a reactionary, the late Senator Copeland, is further evidence of the strength of the New Deal. (The nomination of former Rep. Vito Marcantonio in both the Republican and American Labor Party primaries may for all practical purposes also be registered as a victory for the New Deal.)

In the senatorial contests alone the actual box-score of the Democratic primaries, instead of being nine to nothing, reads:

New Dealers nominated	18
Anti-New Dealers	6
Doubtful	9

Perhaps the most important of all the congressional primary contests was that in the Sixteenth District of New York, in which James H. Fay defeated Representative O'Connor. Despite the painful efforts of the anti-New Deal press to laugh it off, the fact is that the tory high command would have been willing to throw George, Cotton Ed Smith, and Tydings to the wolves if they could have kept O'Connor in Congress and kept him there as a Democrat. For O'Connor now holds what is probably the key position in the entire Congress, the chairmanship of the House Rules Committee. It is he who has been chiefly responsible for picking New Deal legislation, as the President phrased it, and paralyzing the processes of democratic government. It was O'Connor who knifed the first Wages-and-Hours Bill and led the scandalous campaign against the Reorganization Bill. His defeat in the Democratic primary means that even should he win the final election, which seems improbable, he returns to Congress as a first-term Republican and forfeits his position on the Rules Committee to Representative Sabath of Illinois, a New Dealer. That is a pill which no amount of verbal sugar-coating can make easy for the tories to swallow.

So much for the actual results of the Democratic primaries. It should be noted that an important factor in these results was the frustration of one of the chief tactical objectives of reaction: the deepening of the split between the AFL and the CIO and the disruption of the latter from within. President William Green and his closest associates on the AFL executive council undertook the task of leading the AFL membership away from political collaboration with the CIO and into the anti-New Deal camp. However, they reckoned without their host: The rank and file repudiated Green's endorsements of George, Cotton Ed Smith, Davey, Senator Davis, and other right-wingers; and in Pennsylvania the AFL leadership as well as the members indignantly rejected Green's endorsement of Davis and came out for the New Deal ticket of Earle and Jones. Similarly the attempt to use the Trotskyites and Lovestoneites to divide the CIO and thus prevent it from functioning properly in the elections met with defeat in the United Automobile Workers, the National Maritime Union, and the California CIO. Far from the independent activity of labor being weakened in the primaries, it was stronger and more effective than ever, and the role of Labor's Non-Partisan League was in a number of places decisive in securing a New Deal victory.

Now for the larger implications of the primary campaign. Whether or not the leaders of the opposing sides are fully conscious of it, the struggle now developing between progress and reaction is in essence a *class* struggle. Whatever the shibboleths, at stake are the basic economic and social interests of the classes involved—the dominant finance-capitalist groups on one side and the overwhelming majority of the workers, farmers, and small business and professional people on the other. The struggle is, moreover, world-wide, and has a direct, if not always obvious, relation to the events in Central Europe, Spain, and China.

In 1936 this class cleavage and the political groupings that it produced overrode, for the first time in our history, sectional interests and alignments and became the decisive factor in determining the outcome of the elections. Yet the process of political differentiation was at that time still in its initial stages, as was made evident shortly after the elections when many of those who had given lip-service to the New Deal passed over into the enemy camp. As a result, though Roosevelt's party had formally a large majority in both houses of Congress, in actual practice a coalition of right-wingers of both parties succeeded in blocking the greater part of the New Deal program which had been so emphatically endorsed by the voters. Today we are faced with a new stage in the battle between progress and reaction, opening at a time when the international situation makes the clarification of issues and the consolidation of the democratic forces all the more urgent. The 1938 elections are serving to hasten and deepen this process. It is this which emerges as the outstanding result of the primary campaign.

The activity of President Roosevelt in this campaign will take its place with his Supreme Court fight as one of his great contributions to the cause of progress and democracy. He understood that the primaries were merely the beginning of the battle that would have to be waged for the New Deal program during the next two years, a battle that will largely determine which forces will control the Democratic convention in 1940 and the outcome of the presidential election. Had Roosevelt been thinking solely in terms of victory or defeat in specific primary contests or of his personal prestige, he would never have chosen to make his stand in the South, particularly in Georgia, where the reactionaries were so strongly entrenched, democracy so restricted, and the liberal forces so weak that he could hardly have had any illusions about the possibility of immediate success. But what Roosevelt sought was to smoke out the Copperheads in the Democratic ranks and brand them before the entire country as Republicans in disguise. This he achieved. And he chose to fire the opening gun in the South because the South is decisive in the battle for democracy nationally. It is the prisoner of political reaction as is no other section of the country. If the fight for democracy is to be won in the United States, this bastille must be stormed and the new democratic South now coming to birth given freedom and light and air. From the standpoint of these larger aims, the lost battles in Georgia, South Carolina, and Maryland are of the kind that will ultimately win the war.

But victory will not come of itself. It would be a fatal error to conclude from the fact that the New Deal made on the whole a good showing in the primaries that the New Deal candidates will automatically be successful in the final election in November. The latest Gallup poll indicates that if the elections were held today, the Republicans would gain sixty seats in Congress. It is true that this poll concerns itself with party labels rather than political alignments; it gives no indication of how many liberal Democrats will replace reactionaries or of how many of the new Republicans will be liberals sympathetic to the New Deal. Nor does it indicate that the progressive bloc in the next Congress will probably be more cohesive and clearsighted than in the last. Yet even allowing for these deficiencies in the poll, it offers no cause for complacence or indiscriminate optimism.

One of the significant developments in the primaries has been the streamlining of Republican strategy, and this now emerges as a growing threat. Adapting themselves to the popular mood, the Republicans are in many states posing as even more liberal than the New Deal. In Minnesota, for example, the Republican candidate for governor, Harold Stassen, is criticizing the Farmer-Labor administration from the "left" and promising increased social expenditures, lower taxes, and —a balanced budget. The support of the Townsend Plan by Republican candidates is of the same character. The chief "theoretician" of this Janus-faced liberalism is a direct agent of Wall Street finance-capital, Rep. Bruce Barton, who is being groomed for bigger things, possibly the Republican presidential nomination in 1940. This marks a new phase in the evolution of the demagogy of incipient American fascism. Previously it was chiefly characterized by its exploitation of democratic American traditions; now there has been added social demagogy somewhat after the Hitler pattern. And there is grave danger that, as a result of the hardships imposed by the economic crisis and the inadequacy of some of the measures adopted by the Roosevelt administration, important sections of the population, particularly among the farmers and urban middle classes, may be duped into supporting

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William Gropper

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the candidates of reaction. Much work will be needed between now and November 8, as well as after the election, if the next Congress is not to repeat the sabotage of the last, undermine many of the gains that have been made, and pave the way for a tory victory in 1940.

The nature of that work flows from the principal lesson to be drawn from the primary campaign: *the need for greater unity, organization, and independent activity on the part of the progressive forces, particularly the labor movement.* It is clear that President Roosevelt alone, despite his great influence and popularity, cannot defeat reaction. Nor can the old type of political machine, dominated by opportunist politicians, do it, for with their unlimited funds and control of the press, the reactionaries are bound to win at that game. This was demonstrated in Maryland, where Representative Lewis' campaign was almost entirely in the hands of machine politicians, some of whom had one foot in the Tydings camp. A new type of political organization, a democratic front of labor and progressive groups, uniting around them the masses of farmers and city middle classes and supporting a single candidate for each elective office, is the need today in every state and community. The New Deal scored its greatest primary successes in those places where the trade-union movement is relatively strong and has taken serious steps toward the creation of such a democratic front—Ohio, Michigan, California, Washington, and New York City. It suffered its most serious setbacks where the trade-union movement is weak and there has been little organization of the liberal forces—Georgia, South Carolina, and Maryland.

In short, the New Deal—by which I mean not merely the administration in Washington, but everything that the term New Deal symbolizes for millions of Americans—has a program, but not yet a party, not yet an instrument through which the will of the people can be given effective expression. That is the task of today and of the next two years.

★

Transatlantic

A woman and I walk together in
starvation—
This girl is a strange creature
Who eats her own flesh—and what
remains
Is taken by the stork
(Never flown) like a grounded
Passage. Airplanes should be better
Built into the future.
This is the message we would send
To you: that airplanes
Are not quick enough,
Light (weighted as they are
With the burden of
Our hunger). A matter
Of bread can be so momentous
As to stop all time!
It has been done.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

Bruce Barton's Clients

Sheep's Clothing Tailored to Fit

RUTH McKENNEY

IN THE crude old days, railroad and steel men used to descend on Washington armed with suitcases full of crisp ten-dollar bills. Congressmen formed a line to the right, and their wives sported diamonds a few days after great land-grab legislation triumphantly passed the House of Representatives.

The curtain has fallen forever on such ugly scenes. Now Bruce Barton, America's most famous advertising man, runs for Congress and his esteemed clients, the du Ponts, United States Steel, the Chase National Bank, General Electric Co., and all the big utilities, eschew ten-dollar bills for perfectly respectable statements from Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., Mr. B. Barton, chairman.

Bribe, like spit, is a mighty ugly word, and who shall say that Congressman Bruce Barton spent most of his time in the last session of the House of Representatives introducing trick currency bills just because the National City Bank of New York, and the Chicago Title & Trust Co., and a half-dozen other of the biggest banks in this or any other country are his advertising clients?

And is it fair to suppose that the reason Mr. B. Barton, chairman of the advertising firm that mails monthly bills to little old United States Steel and Remington Rand and Continental Can and suchlike blue-veined clients, fought the Wages-and-Hours Bill in Congress had something to do with the political opinions of the boys who foot his bills?

And could you honestly say that Mr. Barton was agin the monopoly investigation just because he does advertising and public relations for such earnest monopolies as Consolidated Edison, Borden Farm Products, N. Y. Telephone Co., etc.?

Mr. Barton himself was horrified when I asked him about it. Teetering in his swivel chair, his legs draped chummily across his comfortably littered desk, the Republican candidate for Congress looked me frankly and honestly in the eye and declared, "It's perfectly absurd to imagine that United States Steel or any of those people influence my actions in Congress."

"Yes indeed, Mr. Barton," I murmured, dazed. For only a year ago, on the eve of his first congressional campaign, Mr. Barton was telling New York City reporters, "I was reluctant to accept this nomination because it would mean neglecting my advertising business. But my clients told me I could do more good in Congress."

Mr. Barton's clients, in spite of his pretty denials, were quite right. Mr. Barton did them a lot of good in the last Congress and unless the voters of the Seventeenth Congressional District in New York City decide otherwise, he'll do them plenty more good next session.

Mr. Bruce Barton, amateur evangelist, public breaker of ladies' hearts, slick weaver of fancy words for newspaper advertising, has big and slightly sinister plans. The boys around the BBD&O office whisper that the boss plans to run for President in 1944, and there are political know-it-alls around town who think the lightning may strike Mr. Barton much sooner. He is the odds-on favorite for the Republican dark-horse nomination in 1940.

Success appears to Mr. Barton to be right around his personal corner, for after all, if Mr. Barton proves to be so useful in Congress to his distinguished list of clients, wouldn't he be able to do ten times as much "good" in the White House?

And in Mr. Barton's opinion, as well as in the opinion of the astute du Pont brothers and the gentlemen from United States Steel, their hero is admirably fitted to run for President, the sooner the better. For there is nothing crude or stupid in Mr. Barton's record, except for a few little mistakes here and there.

In the first place, Mr. Barton was born poor, the son of an honest Tennessee minister. The Reverend Barton's son was poor, but the neighbors all agreed the lad was smart as a whip and sharp as a razor. He could, they said, sell anything, including himself. He was soon selling maple sugar to startled housewives in Amherst and although he did a stretch on a construction gang in a summer vacation, he got his college degree via flooding great sections of New England with maple sugar nobody wanted or could afford.

Mr. Barton started his professional career of sugar-coating pills for the public with magazine jobs. He edited a couple of entirely undistinguished ladies' magazines first, bossed *Every Week* during the crucial wartime period, and wound up this apprenticeship with a book, published in 1920, after the frightful debacle of the World War, entitled *It's a Good Old World.* Even Mr. Barton doesn't mention that book any more.

With a decade of magazine work behind him, Mr. Barton was now ready for his life work, cutting sheepskins to fit for America's biggest and fiercest wolves. The public has played Little Red Riding Hood to Mr. Barton's phony grandma for some eighteen years.

Mr. Barton, in fact, was one of those brave

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pioneers who transformed American advertising from the simple business of telling people about manufacturers' goods, to the noble and immortal profession of cramming unwanted products or ideas, especially ideas, down an innocent public's throat. Mr. Barton spent years learning how to approach a subject back-handed. His clients paid enormous sums to be curried and combed and then finally presented to the American public as good-hearted and public-spirited people who only made money because making money was the American way of life.

Mean-spirited people have often called Mr. Barton America's number-one hypocrite, not only because his advertising agency specialized in making rough customers palatable to the public taste, but also because of his surprising interest in God. Mr. Barton got paid for grooming United States Steel, but he took on the account of J. Christ for nothing—except a little public attention.

Mr. Barton performed positive miracles for the late great religious leader. Until America's leading advertising man took over his public relations, Jesus had generally been considered, at least by Mr. Barton's clients, an unsound character, all the time speaking up for the poor and lowly and putting out deplorable slogans like the one about the rich man and the camel getting through a needle's eye. But Mr. Barton changed all that. Undaunted by his new client's bad press for twenty centuries, he published *The Man Nobody Knows,* and followed it up with hundreds of magazine articles, newspaper columns, and the like. By the time Mr. Barton got through with him, Jesus was the darling of every Rotary Club in America, the best friend a salesman ever had, and a man who would listen to reason about unemployment relief.

Mr. Barton's success with Jesus was not unmarred, however. Some unfortunate personal difficulties cropped up during this period that led some of the gentlemen of the cloth to look askance at the Savior's new press agent. Mr. Barton got involved in a little alienation-of-affection suit which he had to settle out of court and then a lady sued him for slander and Mr. Barton had to admit committing adultery for the court record and it was all very troublesome and annoying.

Great men rise above such details. Mr. Barton soothed his nerves with a trip to Europe, and, on his return, published an article in the June 1930 issue of the *American Magazine.* That article has returned to haunt Mr. Barton.

"How can we develop the love of country, respect for courts of law, the sense of national obligation which Mussolini has recreated in the soul of Italy?" Mr. Barton wrote. "Must we abolish the Senate and have a dictatorship to do it? I sometimes think it would be almost worth the cost."

Mr. Barton claims those words were all a terrible mistake. He's for democracy now, he says, and absolutely against the dictatorship of that bad fellow, Roosevelt. Mr. Barton's idea of democracy, it should be immediately explained, is to let business men, the natural elite of America, run the government.

Outside of one or two little slips like the one about Mussolini, Mr. Barton's protective coloring was nearly ideal for his big business clients when they looked around for somebody to rescue them from the big bad New Deal. For Mr. Barton has never been the slam-bang, shoot-the-pickets-down, and the-hell-with-the-public type. His clients have never been allowed to huff and puff and blow the house down. Mr. Barton uses termites to silently undermine the foundations. Nobody deplores Mr. Tom Girdler and Herbert Hoover more than Mr. Barton, who plays quarterback on their side. Dopes like John J. O'Connor may howl that the Wages-and-Hours Act hurts business; Mr. Barton feels that it hurts the unemployed. Nobody's heart bleeds more for organized labor than Mr. Barton's. He's for unions, and so are his clients, if they have to be—only nice, well behaved, polite, helpless unions, their right to picket legislated out from under their noses, their right to strike neatly regulated. Does Mr. Barton feel that the monopoly investigation will hurt his clients, the public utilities and suchlike? Not at all. Mr. Barton has said, in his polished oratory, that "big business can take care of itself." No, Mr. Barton fights the monopoly investigation because it will hurt the poor little business men!

There are more ways than one of killing a cat, and nobody knows this interesting fact better than Mr. Bruce Barton, advertising man extraordinary. His clients are the top finance-capitalists of America. Their smaller brothers may make a big stink about social legislation—but they, and their adviser, Mr. Barton, are much too slick. Mr. Barton would not oppose social-security legislation. He would just emasculate it. Mr. Barton would not battle against more unemployment relief because his clients would have to pay the tax bill. He opposes more unemployment relief because that would (he says) reduce the number of jobs in private industry and so hurt the workers more than the capitalists.

Mr. Barton lives in an Alice in Wonderland world of saying and doing things backwards. In his own private life, he is reported

Crockett Johnson

"We need men like you, Mr. Barton."

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to be stingy in fact and I found him generous in appearance and speech. He rides every day in Central Park and smokes fine Havana cigars, but his press department bills him as a simple fellow with the common touch.

And so with his political behavior. The New York State Republican platform, which bears the marks of Mr. Barton's Machiavellian hand, comes out flatly for social security and, indeed, a whole progressive program. You have to look twice before you discover that the platform is so worded that none of the Republican provisions are feasible—and add to that the performance of the Republican Party in the legislature and at the state constitutional convention where they defeated any and all progressive proposals for the very legislation they now pretend to advocate.

Mr. Barton's many speeches to Republican gatherings in the last few months all emphasize the same approach. Don't come out as reactionaries, boys, he says, that would never do. The American people are for progress. We're for progress, too—with a difference. And Mr. Barton has the gall to suggest that the difference between United States Steel's plans for America and the New Deal's platform is the difference between democracy and dictatorship.

Mr. Barton told me all about how he loved democracy and suggested that some industrialists ought to learn better table-manners while wolfing down the profits.

"I value freedom so much that even if the Hitler method could improve our standard of living, which I think it wouldn't, I would fight it tooth and nail," this Wall Street congressman told me, all stops out and tremolo.

Of course Mr. Barton has his troubles with the Republicans. Some of the boys just won't wear the new sheepskin. They are constantly embarrassing the savior of the Republican party by coming out for Hitler, busting up unions, ending WPA relief, and repealing the income tax and so on.

But Mr. Barton has something of a head start on other Republican politicians. He has a good press. In fact, he has a wonderful press. And this is not surprising, for the newspapers of New York and throughout the country may get tough with a local department-store advertiser, but they do not get anything but pleasant with a man who controls $40,000,000 worth of newspaper advertising.

All newspaper doors open for the head of BBD&O, Inc. In New York, Mr. Barton even has clients among newspapers. He does the advertising and promotion for the New York *World-Telegram* and *Herald Tribune*. Both papers, curiously enough, are actively backing Mr. Barton's campaign for Congress. Radio stations, magazines, weeklies, all lend a glad and helping hand to the political ambitions of Mr. Bruce Barton, the man who places advertising for General Electric and the du Ponts (General Motors).

In spite of all this, chances of nipping Mr. Barton's political ambitions in the tender bud this year are quite promising. New York's Seventeenth Congressional District has long been famed as the "silk stocking" district because it includes the hoity-toity reactionaries of Park Avenue. But Mr. Barton represents thousands of small business men, and thousands of workers who live in some of the worst slums in New York. Park Avenue's back windows face hundreds of old-law tenement houses.

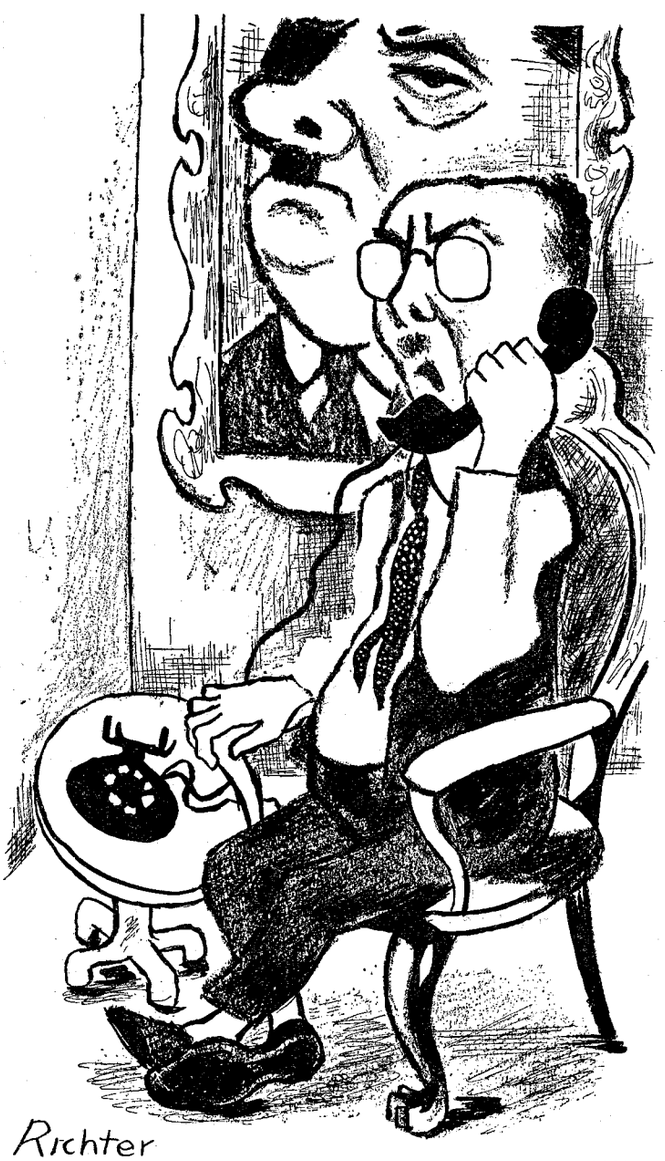
Mr. Barton's last congressional campaign was a big success because his opponents, who got 50 percent of the vote between them, were in three corners, Democrat, American Labor Party, and Fusion. This year Walter Liebermann, a strong, able New Dealer, is running on the Democratic ticket against Mr. Barton and in the ALP corner George Backer, a vigorous campaigner, takes pot-shots at the Republicans' white knight. If the New Dealers and the American Labor Party could agree on one candidate in the Seventeenth, the old silk-stocking district might return a lisle-hose man for Congress. Already the anti-Barton forces are developing a promising campaign against United States Steel's choice for the House of Representatives.

In the old days, when railroads bought a legislator's vote, it was considered that they also bought his soul. The unhappy congressman who got the ten-dollar bills made lame and limping speeches for his paymasters, but his heart wasn't in it. He knew he had sold the public down the river and he was usually ashamed of his wife's diamonds.

Not so with Mr. Barton. He is the white knight of reaction. He has been in advertising so long his employees believe he no longer has any personal opinions of his own, but if ever his heart does beat faster, it honestly thump-thumps for United States Steel and the du Ponts. Mr. Barton used to get hysterical with enthusiasm over oil burners and the brand of peanut butter his firm was currently advertising. Now he glows with happiness when the Republican Party gets a good press.

But whether Mr. Barton believes right along with his employers or not, the hard facts remain the same. Congressman Bruce Barton is proud to acknowledge that in public as well as private life he serves America's biggest capitalists.

The French have a word for it. The people of Paris, when they see a French politician getting off base, howl "Vendu! Vendu!" It is time that the people of the Seventeenth Congressional District translate that French battle cry and shout in Congressman Barton's face, "Bought! Bought!"



Mischa Richter

"Gustaf F. Schwab—SCHWAB! S für Siegfried, C für Chamberlain, H für der Führer, W für Wotan, A für Aryan, und B—er—für Butter"

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A Tip for Mr. Dies

He Might Study the Makers of Lifebuoy, Lux, Rinso

RICHARD H. ROVERE

AFTER a month of unmitigated Red-baiting, the Dies committee has announced that it will now turn its attention to the investigation of Nazi and fascist activities. NEW MASSES directs its attention to Lever Bros., of Cambridge, Mass., as a clear case in which financial support for the Nazis is being drawn from American citizens.

For if you are one of the eighteen million users of Lifebuoy soap, you contribute to a company that pours money into Hitler's war machines, that places its resources at the disposal of Nazi propagandists. If you use Lux or Rinso for laundry or dishwashing, your money is performing the same service for fascism. And those Orthodox Jews who use Spry shortening, Covo, and Hydora contribute to the support of the regime that for five years has visited misery on their race.

All of these products are made by Lever Bros., of Cambridge, Mass., a $35,000,000 subsidiary of Lever Bros. & Unilever, Ltd., of London and Port Sunlight, England, a $1,000,000,000 corporation dominating the soap and margarine interests of the entire world. That Lever Bros. in this country is controlled and substantially owned by the English company—and, hence, that the lion's share of profits made in America go to the mother firm—is confirmed by reports from Dun & Bradstreet, Standard Statistics, and by the company's own reports. That the firm has been and is an active supporter of the Nazis and of fascists in many countries is shown by the following facts.

On London's Victoria Embankment is Unilever House, the international business headquarters of Lever Bros. & Unilever. There, from time to time, come together prominent industrialists and bankers who make up the officers and leading members of the Anglo-German Fellowship, an organization ostensibly intended as a sort of Better Business Bureau, but actually a fellowship of reconciliation, an important liaison between Britain and Germany, a pressure group no less important than the Cliveden set in its power to modify British foreign policy in favor of the Nazis. Among the figures in the industrial and banking world who belong to the Fellowship are F. D. D'Arcy Cooper, of Lever Bros.; Andrew Agnew, of Sir Henri Deterding's Royal Dutch Shell; Lord Barnby, of Lloyds; and Sir Josiah Stamp, of the London, Midland, & Scottish Railroad, and a director of the Bank of England, prominent participant at the recent Nuremberg Congress.

Under ordinary circumstances, Lever Bros. would be no more responsible for meetings held in Unilever House than Al Smith could be held responsible for whatever goes on beneath the roof of the Empire State Building. Unilever House is a tremendous building, renting space to hundreds of smaller firms.

But the Anglo-German Fellowship has been *given* space in Unilever House, and has had the approbation of the directors of the firm. This is made amply clear in a speech made at its very first session on Dec. 2, 1935, by E. W. D. Tennant, the honorary secretary:

> Then I would thank Mr. D'Arcy Cooper and the directors of Unilever for having allowed us the use of this room for our meeting today and on many previous occasions.

Mr. Tennant's speech is as good a reference as any for determining the functions and composition of the Fellowship:

> We naturally do not expect members to subscribe to everything that is going on in the Third Reich; on the other hand we do not wish people to join who are definitely hostile to the present regime.

Earlier in his speech Mr. Tennant mentioned the persecution of Jews in the Third Reich, but he, like Chamberlain, considered that of minor significance alongside the necessity of solid Anglo-German relations:

> The importance of friendship between Great Britain and Germany is greater than the importance of any existing differences of opinion between our two countries.

In Berlin there is a reciprocal organization, the Deutsche-Englische Gesellschaft, headed by Hitler's con man for British affairs, von Ribbentrop.

> In Germany [said Tennant] Herr von Ribbentrop, Herr Hitler's Ambassador Extraordinary, has supported our efforts. He has made the improvement of Anglo-German relationships his life's task. I only regret that we have no statesman in this country of equal rank to von Ribbentrop supporting our Fellowship with the same enthusiasm as Herr von Ribbentrop is supporting the Deutsche-Englische Gesellschaft.

If the officials of Lever Bros. in London are playing parlor games with the Nazis, officers of their branch in Czechoslovakia have been giving more overt aid. The Lever Bros. subsidiary in Czechoslovakia is the Schicht A. G., and it is located in the Sudeten town of Aussig-on-the-Elbe (the Czech name is Usti). Quoting Trikor, a Prague news agency:

> The Katowitzer *Polonia* several weeks ago published the names of a large number of firms which have supported the Sudeten-German Party with large donations. Among others there is also mentioned the Schicht A. G., which, as it is maintained, has given 8,000,000 Kc. [Czech kronen—about $250,000] for equipment and clothing of the Order Troops of the SDP. In spite of the fact that this news was published by numerous newspapers, it has remained uncontradicted by the Schicht Werke.

It has also remained uncontradicted by the English and American firms, which have several times been queried on this matter.

Stories were also published to the effect that on the weekend of May 21, when Hitler made his first major threat to Czech independence and Czech soldiers marched into the Sudeten area, arms were found in the Schicht Werke, ready for the Nazis in the impending conflict. That, also, remains uncontradicted by the English and American branches.

In Germany the Lever subsidiary has given funds to the Nazi Party. The company does not deny this, but explains it by saying that it was forced to such action in order to liquidate frozen assets in the Reich. To a certain extent this explanation is adequate, but NEW MASSES has from an unimpeachable source the information that one of the methods used to liquidate debts—the building, in Nazi shipyards, of ships for Lever Bros.' international carriage—has been carried on long after the possibility of removing frozen assets by this means had been exploited.

The Huileries du Congo Belge and the United Africa Co. are two Lever Bros. subsidiaries whose practices have exemplified the most unsavory tradition of British imperialism. The former controls a 1,800,000-acre concession, seventy-five miles in diameter, in the Belgian Congo. Covering hundreds of native communities, the company preys upon both the crops and the labor of the expropriated natives. Hoping to expand even beyond this, Lever Bros. in London has seen to the appointment of a hand-picked commission of Parliament members to conduct an inquiry into expansion possibilities in West Africa.

This is a partial dossier on this giant English corporation. Both English and American branches have been asked for explanations, but they have offered nothing but excuses, never a denial. The company has argued that it is not anti-Semitic because five of its directors are Jews and it employs Jews in several places; it has offered the ridiculous answer that it has contributed large sums to the United Palestine Appeal; it has said that any quasi-fascist activities have been necessary in the conduct of a large international firm.

The American firm specifically has argued that a boycott against it would be unjustified inasmuch as there is no direct evidence against it. Penalizing the American company, however, does not depend on the truth or falsity of any fascist activities in the United States. The community of financial interests has been clearly established. In a time when betrayal and capitulation daily threaten world war, peace-loving people can have no truck with powers, financial or political, which foster the diplomacy and politics of death.

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Mischa Richter

MONOPOLY

"Just lemme alone. I'm doin' awright!"

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TVA Defends Itself

Hopes for Another Teapot Dome Were Entirely Too Optimistic

ADAM LAPIN

Washington.

IT WAS high drama in those days. A lean old man against the President. Dr. Arthur Morgan looked bleakly out of the front pages of the newspapers. He would not yield. The President said he was contumacious, and the headlines were heavily freighted with the strange new word. Let them remove him. He was not afraid.

The story had everything. Intimations of another Teapot Dome in one of the New Deal's key agencies. Overtones of high-handed presidential interference, dictatorship, usurpation of power. There were editorials in eight hundred newspapers, some 85 percent of them backing up the man who was then chairman of TVA. The President pressed Arthur Morgan to amplify and substantiate his charges against the other directors of TVA. The brave old man held firm. He would not be intimidated by star-chamber proceedings conducted by the President. "I am an observer, not a participant, in this alleged process of fact-finding," he repeated again and again. He would tell his story in good time. But it would have to be before a fair-minded body. He would tell it only to a congressional investigating committee.

That was the story in March. Morgan was removed. He stuck to his charges against his fellow-directors, Dr. Harcourt Morgan and David Lilienthal. He insisted that the "real difficulty had been in the effort to secure honest openness, decency, and fairness." In Congress the oratory of Republican Sen. H. Styles Bridges and other exponents of decency and honesty reached new heights.

Finally the investigating committee was appointed. Arthur Morgan could hardly have asked for more. The ten-man committee included four Republicans and two Southern Democrats, none too enthusiastic about the New Deal. Had he presented a strong case, his chances of swinging a majority of the investigating committee behind him would have been excellent.

And then the vast anti-climax. Arthur Morgan backed down when the hearings started in Washington. When the committee moved to Knoxville, Tenn., he was in full retreat. He explained that he had never meant to use the word dishonesty in the sense understood by cruder folk. He didn't mean graft or corruption or anything of that sort. He meant something "more subtle," something that couldn't exactly be put into words. Not a single important charge was established.

A handful of the newspapers which had hopefully looked for the worst reversed themselves on their editorial pages. But the more general tribute paid to TVA was the almost universal silent treatment which the hearings received during their closing days. When Russell Porter of the New York *Times* was withdrawn from Knoxville and sent to more fertile fields on the West Coast, that was one way of saying that TVA had been cleared.

Morgan's charges at Knoxville remained for the most part on a semi-mystical level, a melange of bitterness, abstract moralizing, and concern for the good and welfare of the utilities. A complete inability to back up any of his extremely grave charges was the outstanding feature of his testimony. And although little that was new came out either in his testimony or in the rebuttal of Lilienthal and Harcourt Morgan, the central pattern of conflict in TVA emerged more clearly than before.

For example, Morgan charged Lilienthal with having misinterpreted the position of Wendell Willkie, head of the great Commonwealth & Southern network, during the negotiations on the power-pool issue in 1936. His attack on Lilienthal resulted inevitably in a defense of the power interests. One thing led to another, and he revealed to the committee in some detail the extent of his tie-up with utilities during a crucial stage in the development of TVA.

He told how, prior to submitting an important memorandum to a policy conference of government officials, he had conferred with Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of General Electric, Samuel Ferguson of the Hartford Electric Co., and E. F. Schmidt, editor of the *Engineering News-Record*. With these representatives of the utility interests, he worked out the final draft of what he proposed should be the policy of the government.

Morgan's aide in drawing up this memorandum, put on the payroll for this purpose, was George W. Hamilton, a former Insull executive who had been vice-president and chief engineer of the Middle West Utilities Co. The Morgan-Hamilton document set up unprecedentedly stiff requirements which municipalities would have to meet before obtaining power from TVA. Lilienthal charged at Knoxville that these conditions, had they been enforced, would have constituted a violation of the TVA Act.

One of the most interesting stories at the entire hearing, told by an eminently conservative lawyer who was an assistant to the Attorney General in the Hoover administration, revealed the same line-up in the TVA directorate on essential issues. John Lord O'Brian, one of the chief attorneys for TVA when it was fighting for dear life in the famous eighteen-companies case, charged that Arthur Morgan seriously endangered the outcome of the Chattanooga trial involving the constitutionality of TVA.

O'Brian said that Morgan drove the TVA lawyers half crazy during this trial, where they faced a battery of forty high-powered utility lawyers with a staff a quarter as large. Morgan harassed important government witnesses, engaged in bitter recriminations against the other directors and the lawyers, and at critical periods wondered whether the entire program was constitutional after all. At one point Morgan told O'Brian that "he was not in accordance with any features of the power policy." One of the biggest problems of the TVA lawyers was keeping Morgan off the witness stand because he appeared anxious to air his dirty linen at the trial.

When it was all over and TVA had won its case, O'Brian wrote Morgan: "Your charges, coming while the case was actively on trial, have had a disrupting influence upon the attorneys, and upon the conduct of the case."

Perhaps the most important charge made by Dr. Morgan at Knoxville was that TVA maintained "hidden subsidies" in its electric-rate yardstick. This of course goes to the nub of the entire issue of public power, and is the favorite argument of utility propagandists. It is impossible any longer to dispute that municipal power plants have cheaper rates than those offered by the private utilities. The "hidden subsidies" argument is a godsend because it holds on principle that rates of government-owned power plants are unfair.

Lilienthal produced voluminous material to show that TVA rates were scrupulously determined and took cognizance of load building, promotion, and managerial expenses. Perhaps more eloquent testimony is the enthusiasm of the utility interests for this "hidden subsidies" contention. Wendell Willkie wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly* during the power-pool controversy: "Dr. Morgan is the only government official of standing who has had the courage to state that in the operation of public yardstick systems there should be no hidden subsidies." Incidentally, one of President Roosevelt's speeches in the Tennessee Valley was cited by Morgan as part of this hidden subsidy.

Not all of the charges made by Morgan go so directly to the heart of the entire controversy. Others reflect his desire to pick a fight with his fellow-directors at any cost, to find fault wherever possible. The puffed-up Berry marble scandal is a pretty good illustration.

The TVA directors were agreed that Senator Berry's fabulous claims were worthless. Dr. Arthur Morgan wanted to throw Berry's case out at once on grounds of bad faith. Dr. Harcourt Morgan and Lilienthal maintained that this would be playing into Berry's hands

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and would involve endless litigation. Confident that the marble on Berry's property was without value, they were willing to submit his claims to an impartial expert such as the director of the United States Bureau of Mines. When this proved impossible, TVA fought it out with Berry before a condemnation commission and won its case.

There is drama, of course, in this five-year conflict among the TVA directors. But it does not follow the familiar pattern of a high-minded old idealist battling single-handed against New Deal corruption and dictatorship, of the man who was simply an engineer tangling with the wily lawyer and politician. It is a drama of ideas, of a man turning inexorably against the things which he once really believed in, becoming sour and reactionary.

Barring accidents it should be possible to predict the report of the investigating committee. The majority will clear TVA. This at least seems to be the conviction of TVA officials. The Republicans will issue a minority report echoing some of the more coherent and communicable charges made by Arthur Morgan. Wavering Southern Democrats like Reps. Graham A. Barden of North Carolina and R. Ewing Thomason of Texas were not given the opportunity to line up with their Republican colleagues.

Some time during the next session of Congress this particular episode will probably be closed for the time being. Attacks on TVA will perhaps subside temporarily. The fight between the New Deal and the power interests will shift to other battlegrounds.

Hopes of another Teapot Dome were a little optimistic. But the brief flurry of newspaper headlines and the froth of indignant senatorial speeches achieved another purpose. Vital power legislation was stalled during the fireworks.

An appropriation for the Bonneville Dam was defeated. The important Norris Seven-TVA Bill was indefinitely delayed although it had been one of the President's key objectives. Even on so obvious an issue as giving PWA the authority to make grants to municipalities to build public power facilities, there was a tremendous battle.

These and other items of power legislation will face the next Congress. The friends of public power have been armed with a strong weapon. Their most important citadel was stormed, and withstood the attack. On the other hand Wendell Willkie, that sturdy champion of public morality and of Arthur Morgan, was found sadly wanting with his $20,000 contribution for propaganda to turn the tide against a public power plant in Chattanooga.

One pending piece of legislation appears particularly timely. It has already passed the Senate and is now gathering dust in the files of the House Commerce Committee. This is the Norris resolution directing the Federal Trade Commission to make a $150,000 investigation of the power interests.

A Bleached Lady

A Short Story

LILLIAN HELLMAN

Luis and I had met that morning. At three in the afternoon, coming down the long hot stretch of road to Aranjuez, we were tired of each other. We were tired, too, of the sun and the road and the warm, squashed grapes lying between us on the seat. I suppose we had talked too much: of the war, of automobiles, of my passport, of the long, purplish plus-fours that he had bought from a hotel clerk in Valencia. I had admired them, had not admired his driving. He had liked my cigarettes, had not liked my English. He had said over and over again that I was the only American he couldn't understand. That wasn't true. But ever since early morning when he had officiously peered over the first road-guard's shoulder to look at my passport, he had made a determined mystery of me. He liked it that way.

We had talked of Brunete. Luis had been the chauffeur for General Alvarez. He said the general thought him brave and he thought the general brave, but the general, like all Spaniards except himself, knew nothing about automobiles and, therefore, could not appreciate his driving. That was very smart of the general, who is around Concud now but who wouldn't be if Luis were still driving his car.

I think Luis and I liked each other. But now we were too tired and hungry to think about it. The mountain road was winding down and Luis dozed from time to time. It is not a good idea to sleep on the Madrid-Valencia road, and when we came near an army truck, I shoved him with my elbow. He came angrily to life. He put his hand on the horn and kept it there. The truck didn't move and our back wheels scraped the mountain fence as we speeded up to pass it. We passed it and Luis twisted the wheel violently, ignored the next curve to shout back at the truck, to explain to me for the twentieth monotonous time that all Spaniards were brave soldiers and bad chauffeurs.

I stopped trembling. My head had hit the side of the car as we careened.

"Please," I said, "please let me drive."

He laughed. "You. A woman?"

We had been over this so many times before that my voice was sharp.

I said, "I've been driving a car since I was fourteen years old."

He said, "All right. But the automobile change too much in all that time."

"No," I said, "that isn't what I mean. I've been driving for eighteen years——"

He nodded. "Sure. Sure. But the picture in the passport book look more than any of that. You look forty-three, maybe fifty-three."

I must have laughed too long. I was tired of the side remarks about my passport. When I stopped laughing, he looked at me.

"You need to eat."

I didn't want to eat. It had been hard to eat in the last week. I couldn't stand the smell of the rancid olive oil and I hadn't eaten very much. I felt light and pleasant, the way you do when you have a good hangover. Well, he said, I could do what I wanted: he was going to eat. I said there wasn't much to get from these people in the country, and why didn't we wait until we got to Madrid?

He looked at me. "If they will have nothing, they will say it. If they will have something, they will give it. That is Spanish."

I knew what he meant, so I didn't say anything. We rode on for a long time without passing a house and then suddenly, as we came out of the shadows of a hill, the inevitable church appeared, high and handsome above the mud.

Luis smiled. "Where there is a church that high, there are people that are poor. They will give us something."

We wheeled off the road, went bouncing, rattling, bumping into the ruts of the little square around the church. This village was like all the rest, and I wondered during what age of the callous heart men had come here and gone away thinking how picturesque were the heavy-laden mules, the silent, hungry children, the houses-before-Christ.

Nobody paid much attention to us except the kids and the dogs. They came to the car and stood looking at us. They didn't beg: they just looked. If we had anything, they thought we might give them a little. Hot and aching, I groaned my way out of the car and sat down suddenly on the running board. Luis was already across the street, eyeing the most likely house, and when a group of soldiers came out of the house and spoke to him, he disappeared. I sat there on the running board and stared at the deserted church. A little girl came along, leading a donkey toward a high hill facing me. I watched her and it was only when she was halfway up the hill that I saw where bombs had been on another day. Two houses were gone, and the child turned her head away as she passed them. I patted a dog whose bones were out beyond his frame, and a very little boy, unaccountably fat, kept smiling at me and saying, "Salud. Salud. Salud." I said, "Salud, niño," but he said salud so many times that I stopped answering him. He was funny standing there, singing it, the way children will do with any word. I must have put my

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head in my hands—I felt weak and dizzy—because a man came towards me from the basement hut across the square. His trousers were rolled and his feet were red with wine. He had a glass of wine in his hand and he pushed it at me and smiled. I was afraid that it would make me dizzier, but I didn't know how to say that, so I drank it. It was raw and fresh and it tasted good. Two women came out to watch me drink it and when Luis came back, looking foolish in his purple plus-fours and army cap, they ran back to get him a glass of wine.

Luis said, "All right. I told you. They got two eggs and they give potatoes for you. Come on."

We went up a flight of whitewashed steps into a room with a fireplace and a table. There were four women in the room. They all bowed to me except the one who was sitting by the fireplace, frying our eggs. She got up, wiped her hand, gave it to me. She was a fat, jolly-looking, youngish woman with very bleached blonde hair.

I said to Luis, "Please tell her that I do not want any food. Say that I thank her, but I'm not hungry and she must not waste the egg——"

He looked at me so hard that I shut up. Anyway, she had understood me. Her English was heavy with that almost German accent that Spaniards often have.

She said, "We have plenty for a stranger."

I went and sat down at the table, tired of myself. Luis sat down with a *bota* of red wine and drank it through the funnel. Through the drinking, he talked to the ladies. The country women looked at me, shyly, and didn't answer him, but the bleached lady talked. She was from Madrid. She had moved here to be safer. It wasn't much safer: they had been bombed three times yesterday. She scooped the potatoes from the pan and put the egg on top of them. She decorated the plate with a small saffron flower. She gave it to me and I tried to thank her, but she shook her head and stood close, watching me. Luis gulped his egg and pointed to me.

"American. But don't say much else, and say that too fast."

She said to me, "What work you do?" I smiled and shrugged my shoulders with that coyness you have before you say, "I am a writer."

Luis said, "She write. On the stage. Write, write, write." She understood, but he didn't believe it. He took out a piece of dirty paper, pretended his finger was a pencil, and made frantic imitations on the paper. He did it for so long that I sighed, and the lady laughed.

"All right," he said, "laugh. It is true. I see it on her passport which does not look so all right. Also, also," and he paused and turned to the country women, "also she write in the moving pictures." He said this again in Spanish: he didn't have to, because nobody believed him. So he said it again, angrily. Then he got up, made an ironic bow to the silent women, and added Charlie Chaplin to what he was saying. I said no, nothing about Chaplin. I don't even know Chaplin.

He sat down and looked at me. "All right. All I say was that you are cousin to Charlie." He hadn't. He had said I was Chaplin's sister. "They do not believe you write. They are stupid. So I speak of Charlie and now they know." The bleached lady nodded admiringly.

She turned to me and pointed to the youngest of the country women. "I make two small sausage for her child. But if you like small taste——"

I said no, no, no, so hurriedly and with such excitement that she shrugged.

"They are clean. I make them for her child."

I said, "Of course. I didn't mean that, but I'm not hungry——"

And stopped. I thought that if I stayed for another few weeks I could lose the dancing-school manners. "No, thank you." "No, really, I couldn't take it." "No, I do not wish to deprive you." All the words that people of plenty say too often to other people of plenty. I thought that if I stayed for a while I would learn to say simply, thank you, and take what I was given. I hoped I would learn that soon. I took some more potatoes. I was glad that pleased her, but it was hard to swallow them.

She moved around me. She was standing near the window, looking down at me.

Suddenly she touched my hair. "You do something to it?"

"Yes. Sometimes I have it lightened. You know. At the roots."

"I know," she said. "That was my work in Madrid. What color is it as you were born?"

I said, "I don't know. I've forgotten. Something like this, I guess, only not as blonde."

"No," said Luis, "not in the passport. Black hair in the passport." I started to tell him that wasn't true when one of the women said something to the bleached lady. She turned quickly and looked out of the window. Close to the square a young woman was going up the hill carrying a heavy load of wood. It was the kind of wood you get from a house that has been bombed.

The bleached lady shook her head several times. "I tell her. She should not be here. The bombs make her sick. It is not good to be frightened when a baby is coming. A doctor could tell you that."

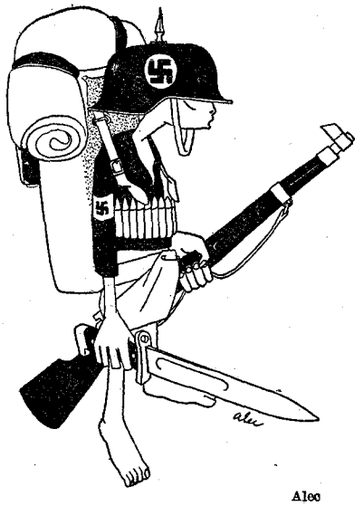
Then, casually, she leaned over me, parted my hair in several places, examined it, then patted it back in place and straightened up.

She said, "Soon you will need color there."

Luis looked at his watch, stretched himself, took a long drink of wine, and got up from the table. He bowed to me. "All right, Miss Chaplin, we go." He looked at the women, bowed to me again. "All right, Miss Chaplin. If you are ready, Miss Chaplin."

The blonde lady said, "When you get to Madrid go to a shop called Ninya. Anybody will show you where. It is not open now, but there will be a paper on the door saying where Ninya is. She is a cousin to me and she works good on the hair. Tell her I send you. Tell her I didn't have the baby." She picked up the dishes and began to move away. Her face had stopped as a watch would stop and when it moved again, she did not turn towards me. "Tell her to put soap in the bleach and do a good job."

★



Alec

Lullaby

In your little armored bed,
Sweet little baby Aryan
Dream of purges in the night,
Of wounded men and carrion.

Dream of pretty air raids
From which there's no escape.
Dream of hate and poverty
Of incest, blood, and rape.

Mother will buy a machine gun
For your swasticated crib.
Mother will buy you gas masks
And a brand new bullet-proof bib.

Mother will buy you a uniform
And teach you how to hunt,
And send you lacy bandages
When you are at the front.

So hush, dear, and be quiet
And dry those fretful tears.
You'll have a hero's funeral
In just a few more years.

ELYA BRESLER.

★ ★ ★

Joke

WE REPRINT, with thanks, the following "joke" from our esteemed contemporary, the *United Mine Workers Journal:*

"Business as usual in certain lines appears to be quite brisk and active in Harlan County, Kentucky. There are twenty-one murder cases on the docket for trial at the next term of court."

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Readers' Forum

The "Light Touch"

TO NEW MASSES: Enclosed is a letter I have sent to the editors of the *New Yorker*.

[ENCLOSURE]

To the Editors: Well, well, what has happened to that famous "light touch"?

This is a sad day for me, boys and girls. All the old landmarks are crumbling away. First, H. L. Mencken. Then, the Dolly Sister police cars. And now, the *New Yorker* and its "light touch."

I well remember the shimmering afternoon, nigh onto fourteen years ago, when I rode home in the February twilight clutching my first *New Yorker*—the almost indecent haste with which I hustled it into the inner recesses of my ivory tower and devoured its tasty text and cryptic cartoons.

Evidently Mr. Eustace Tilley, who, like Oscar Wilde's *true* gentleman, never goes faster than a walk, has stubbed his sleekly gaitered toe on Mr. Earl Browder. Alas for our illusions of Mr. Tilley's impeccable taste! For Mr. Tilley makes no bright remark; Mr. Tilley is neither well bred nor amusing; Mr. Tilley has nasty habits; his lavender gaiters conceal feet of clay.

Before I forget, let me add the harsh, unamusing fact that never, never again are you going to get *this* little boy's 15 cents. And I will tell you why.

Over the *New Yorker's* political acumen, let us draw the veil of charity. The light touch is, after all, not universally welcome—particularly on the sore spots that make 95 percent of today's headlines. But we were all accustomed to expect flawless *taste*, within the limitations of the *New Yorker's* politics (and who is without his limitations?). Surely the *New Yorker* has not led us to expect that it would open its pages to the literary style of the Dies committee!

The "Profile" of Earl Browder by John McCarten, Part One, which appeared in your September 24 issue, set a new low for the *New Yorker*.

Aside from its blithe distortion of easily verified fact, what are we to think of its unrelieved venom, its snarling spitefulness, its mean, petty, trivial, catty hatred, so embarrassingly out of place in your (up to now) relaxed pages? . . .

Even gentle old ladies were forced to laugh, a few weeks ago, when a hack named Stanley High repeated, in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the doddering legend of Moscow gold. But this week—can this be the smart *New Yorker*, naively chewing the cud of the ultra-naive *Post*? May we expect in future issues: "Protocols of Zion! Big Expose! International Plot!"? . . .

I cannot let go your impatient elbow without calling your attention to a few choice morsels from that slightly rancid egg which Dr. McCarten hatched in your nest last week! "In moments of lyrical confusion he [Browder] has paid tribute to the 'revolutionary traditions of 1863' . . . "

The confusion, though not lyrical, is Mr. McCarten's. The American Civil War, waged by the partisans of free labor to break the grip of the slaveholders, was definitely a *revolutionary war*, and was frequently—and openly—referred to as such by contemporaries on both sides of the conflict. Sorry!

" . . . eager as any vigilante to prevent 'any clique, group . . . (etc.)' from undermining 'the institutions of American democracy.'" My thanks to Mr. McCarten for the amazing notion that vigilanteism is (or is an aid to) any part of democratic institutions or democratic ideals. Maybe *I'm* wrong.

Surprisingly, even Bill Cotton's attempted caricature failed to come off. Nobody I know even knew who that drawing was meant to be, until he referred to the text (God help him). Great guns, Tilley! You *must* train your staff to take Browder or leave him alone.

Yes, my friends, you're slipping. You have accepted a nasty mess in admitting Mr. McCarten to your once choosy pages. And there is more to come; I suppose you will have to grit your teeth, assume a ghastly fixed smile, and go through with it. It would never do for the Light Touch chaps to admit they had picked a lemon; what's funny about that? folks would ask.

And you can tell this to your friends, Eustace: nobody can stop Mr. McCarten or Mr. High (horrors! could they be the same man?) from using loaded dice. *But we don't have to play with him any more.* You might mention that to your circulation manager. . . .

West Saugerties, N. Y. PAUL DOUGLAS.

Marxist Education

TO NEW MASSES: Many new courses have been added to the curriculum of the Workers School (35 East 12th St., New York City) for the fall term. We mention the following as of special interest to NEW MASSES readers: "The United States Supreme Court and Class Struggles in American History," given by Louis Boudin, foremost authority on the Constitution; two courses on literature ("Literature and Marxism," and "The Writer and the World Today"), by Angel Flores, editor of the Critics Group series; "The Press and Propaganda," by Morris U. Schappes; "Health and Hygiene," a series of six lectures by medical specialists; "Labor Journalism," by Harry Raymond of the *Daily Worker* staff; "Current Events, a Survey of the News of the Week," by Ben Davis, Jr., of the *Daily Worker* editorial board; "Introduction to Dialectical Materialism"; "Historical Materialism"; "Social Psychology"; "Soviet Democracy, a Comparative and Historical Study"; "The War in China and Its International Implications"; "Labor Law and Industrial Relations," to be conducted by members of the New York Bar.

The basic courses in principles of Communism, political economy, Marxism-Leninism, American history, etc., will of course be given as usual.

Classes began Monday, October 3.

A. MARKOFF,
New York City. Director, Workers School.

Reactionaries' Slogan

TO NEW MASSES: One of the most curious of the recent slogans is that which iterates that the next war will mean "the death of civilization." It's a neat phrase, well used by the reactionary press as one of the best sales talks for selling munitions. Analyzed, it appears to be one of the best peace slogans coined. In no way can it be taken to indicate its true purpose—that of selling munitions. But, for all its altruistic appearance, it is one of the direst threats at peace. It urges all nations to arm themselves to the limit, and a nation with too large an army and too great a store of munitions is bound to explode into war. Therefore it is the duty of all those in sympathy with the views of NEW MASSES to publicize the evil inherent in this phrase which its originators are endeavoring to incorporate into the subconscious thinking of the common people.

The curious angle to this phrase is that it never carries with it any explanation; no gory picture of ravaged farms, demolished cities, harassed populations, germ-destroyed peoples. That should be the logical follow-up of the statement but its sponsors know that to add anything to it would immediately show up its absurdity.

It is an important thing, for those of us planning for a better world, that this slogan be scotched promptly. Let it be labeled for what it actually is, just plain "vomit." Then let us see the dogs return to their vomit, as the Orientals phrase it. This slogan must be scotched quickly for it is selling many battleships to all nations and depriving the common people of many of the necessaries of life.

Jackson Heights, N. Y. HARRY FISHER.

Fascism in Canada

TO NEW MASSES: The United States daily and liberal weekly press has given considerable space to the Quebec Padlock Law and other enactments of the Provincial government headed by Premier Maurice Duplessis. Recently the Federal Minister of Justice rejected a petition addressed to him by the Canadian Civil Liberties Union, Montreal branch, requesting that he recommend disallowance of the Padlock Law by the federal government or reference of the law to the Supreme Court for a test of its constitutionality.

Since the Minister's refusal to act, the law is being daily more rigorously enforced. The home of a Quebec city workman, Francois-Xavier Lessard, has been padlocked, and his wife and five children thrown on the charity of friends. When Lessard broke the "padlock" and took possession of his home, he was arrested on a charge of "willfully violating a Provincial law."

The Montreal branch of the CCLU has undertaken Lessard's defense. The Union also plans to seek a ruling on the constitutionality of the law in three or four other cases.

To meet the cost of these actions, which may have to be taken to the Privy Council for final decision, the CCLU is undertaking a campaign to raise $10,000 for the union's legal and sustaining fund. Inquiries and contributions may be sent to the Canadian Civil Liberties Union, Montreal branch, 1405 Peel St., Montreal.

HUBERT DESAULNIERS.
Montreal. Chairman, CCLU

Letters in Brief

DANIEL ERNEST of Bronx, N. Y., suggests that Joseph Starobin's series on the little business man, recently published in NEW MASSES, be issued in pamphlet form and brought to the attention of storekeepers throughout the country. The series, says Mr. Ernest, "is an unusually lucid development of a practical program that would draw the little business man into the democratic front on the basis of his own needs." . . . An exception to the usual reaction of NEW MASSES readers to James Dugan's movie criticisms is contained in a letter from James Higgins, of Norfolk, Conn., who objects to Dugan's favorable review of *Boys Town* (September 20 issue). Mr. Higgins feels that the picture is "fascist," and "vicious propaganda," that "nothing in it is real, nothing is true," and that while the idea of the movie—giving homeless kids a home—is all right, the movie turns the kids into "a first-rate set of little prigs, teaches them foul organization, put words into their mouths that don't mean anything." . . . From the Labor Poets of America we have a communication about its school of poetry, which opened September 28 and will hold weekly sessions until December 14. In addition to its regular instructors, the school will have guest speakers on special subjects. S. Funaroff, well known poet, will speak on poetry, and Earl Robinson, composer, will discuss poetry and music. Eli Siegel is the instructor of the school. The sessions are held on Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock, at the Ten Eyck Studio, 116 West 21st St., New York City.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Superman and the Socialist

More than twenty years have passed since Jack London's death, and yet Mr. Stone's biography (*Sailor on Horseback*. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3) is the first that even approaches adequacy. Part of the explanation is the attitude of Mrs. London, who, after writing her own valuable but partial account, refused to aid other biographers, until Mr. Stone somehow overcame her objections. Then, too, publishers have been at fault, insisting—how erroneously Mr. Stone has proved—that interest in London was dead. Five or six years ago Dr. Fulmer Mood's study of London unsuccessfully went the rounds of the publishers. Less briskly written than Mr. Stones' biography, it was superior as a critical analysis, and, though the author had been denied access to the London papers, it contained almost all the information about London's life—and more especially his birth and his death—that one finds in *Sailor on Horseback*. The *Saturday Evening Post* would never have serialized Dr. Mood's book, nor would the movie rights have been purchased, but an enterprising publisher would have found that London still has his thousands of readers.

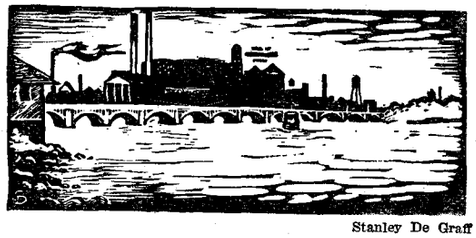
Mr. Stone's book is, of course, a better publishing venture, for it makes the most of London's extraordinary personality and his fabulous career. Perhaps too much influenced by the vices of London's style, Mr. Stone has at the same time caught its chief virtue—its irresistible vigor. The story is one that London would have loved to tell—and thought of telling—and it is right that it should be told in his way. It is also told to a considerable extent in his own words, a fact that has produced an absurd article in *Ken* and much pointless controversy. What matters is that Mr. Stone has managed to make us feel about this oyster pirate, hobo, sailor, prospector, and author as he felt about himself, and he was a master of self-dramatization.

The readability of the book is something to be grateful for. The story as a story is well told. But London's career has meanings for the present that Mr. Stone only imperfectly catches. For one thing, in dealing with the mainsprings of London's actions, he is misled by views on heredity that could scarcely stand scientific scrutiny. He was excited, of course, at discovering that London's father was a Professor Chaney, an astrologist, and he wanted to make the most of his discovery, but that does not excuse his excesses. Jack, we are told, inherited from his father not merely "a warm human nature, a sensitivity to the hardships of others, a personal liberality, and an imagination," but also such qualities as "the passionate desire to be quit of the brutish labor of the machines" and "a special knowledge enabling him to anticipate the future."

When Mr. Stone is not under the influence of such notions, he does give some useful clues. Amid the hardships of his early life London had to struggle to survive and he was well equipped for victory: "He had good health, hard muscles, and a stomach that could digest scrap iron; he exulted in his young life and was able to hold his own at work or fight." Then, when he was a hobo, he learned that men as strong as he had been beaten in the fierce competition and thrown on the scrap-heap. His first impulse, as he has told us, was to find some other way of surviving, and he determined to rely on his brains. But another idea had also been implanted, the idea that the rules of the game were unfair, and he was generous enough to want to see them changed.

As soon, then, as London understood the nature of the capitalist system, he planned a dual triumph. He was resolved, he wrote Rose Strunsky, "to beat the capitalists at their own game," and at the same time he proposed to work for the establishment of a saner social order. In a sense it was a natural decision: any Socialist has to function within the system while he works against it. But the decision had peculiar implications for one of London's temperament. There have been many men who, once sincere Socialists, have succumbed to the capitalist world. There have been others who have learned how to subordinate the demands of the system to their chosen task. London, for many years, did not achieve either kind of integration, but remained a divided personality.

He was an eager and uncommonly retentive student of social theories, but each side of his nature found its own logic. His humanitarian impulses seized upon one body of theory, the Marxist; his egotistical impulses drew upon Nietzsche, Spencer, Darwin, and Kipling. He could talk about the anarchy of capitalism and the need for cooperation, or he could talk about the superman, atavism, and the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race. He was not always unconscious of the contradiction, but he could do nothing about it: he had to cling to both sets of ideas.



Stanley De Graff

Individualism predominated in his writing. Although he became a Socialist five years before his first book appeared, there was no suggestion of Socialism in *The Son of the Wolf* or in any of its immediate successors. It was not until he published *The People of the Abyss*—his eighth book—that he gave an inkling of his views. The next year, 1904, he brought out *The Sea Wolf*, maintaining, to the amazement of critics who had charged him with inconsistency, that it showed the failure of the superman. *The Iron Heel,* in 1908, was, of course, explicitly Socialist, and London insisted that there were Socialist implications in *Martin Eden*. These novels, however, were followed by many others, in which Nietzsche speaks and Marx is silent.

Nietzsche's voice was heard even in the Socialist novels. Indeed, it might be argued that, though London was at times an effective Socialist propagandist, he was never a Socialist novelist. *The Iron Heel* contains magnificent expository passages, but the reader will be disappointed if he hopes to find a picture of the Socialist movement. Ernest Everhard bears no resemblance to any Socialist Party organizer that was ever known, but he is strikingly like the supermen in London's other novels and therefore like London himself. He is, indeed, Jack London in one of his favorite roles —the brilliant expounder of Socialism to whose marshaling of facts and reasons the apologists for capitalism succumb in helpless confusion. Events have proven that, in his conception of the violence with which the exploiting class would resist Socialism, he was wiser than his generation, and there is much in the novel that shows both his sincerity and the competence of his mind, but Nietzsche—or, rather, that side of London's character that seized upon Nietzsche—is not absent.

It would be difficult to exaggerate London's inconsistency. *The Valley of the Moon,* for example, contains his best pictures of proletarian life but, if one did not know, one would be sure to assume that it was written from an anti-Socialist point of view. One could compile from his letters either a Socialist or an anti-Socialist anthology. But in spite of all this we cannot charge him with insincerity. He declared himself a Socialist at a time when

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such a declaration was costly to him and invaluable to the movement. He wrote, lectured, and gave generously of his money.

Yet, much as he meant to the movement, it meant even more to him. Though it did not dominate his life, it was a curb upon his extravagant temperament, and the only curb. As one reads Mr. Stone's account of his prosperous years, when he was being paid larger and larger sums and always spending more than he earned, one's first thought is that he was a bad Socialist, but all through these years he did have a conception of values other than the making and spending of money, and without it his life would have been unthinkably barren. The influence of Socialism on his life, which so terribly needed some kind of balance, is more important than its direct influence on his books.

It was impossible, however, for London to escape the consequences of the split in his thinking and feeling. Mr. Stone greatly overrates his literary achievements, speaking of *Martin Eden* as "one of the greatest of all American novels," describing *The Star Rover* as "a magnificent literary accomplishment," and praising other novels in similar terms. London's abilities are not to be lightly dismissed, but his failure to create character above a certain rather simple level is enough to bar him from the first literary rank. Mr. Stone admits that few of his women are wholly credible. He might have added that there is scarcely a hero who is not an obvious projection of Jack London—a character, by the way, that he did not understand. What he could do, in the way of portraying action and recreating the primitive emotions he loved, has won him millions of readers. It is foolish to claim for him virtues he did not have.

If London had been a better Socialist, he would, other things being equal, have been a better novelist. That does not mean that political soundness is equivalent to literary excellence. It does mean that, in this particular case, the qualities that weakened his political thinking also weakened his literary talents. If he had been a better Socialist, that is, it would mean that, either as cause or effect, he had become a more integrated person, and with greater integration he would have done better work.

There is evidence for this view in what happened at the end of his life. "Martin Eden," he wrote, "died because he was an individualist, I live because I am a Socialist and have social consciousness." He made this statement in 1912, when social consciousness was already dwindling. It was not enough for him to prove that he could beat the game by earning a huge income; he must constantly surround himself with proofs of his success. He bought more and more land, built more and more elaborate homes, entertained on a more and more lavish scale. He became cynical about his writing and bored with his success. The World War turned him into an apoplectic chauvinist who admired Theodore Roosevelt and borrowed his phrases. In March 1916 he resigned from the Socialist Party, ostensibly on the ground—so dear to renegades—that it was not militant enough. A few months later he committed suicide.

Much of this tragedy might have been averted, as Mike Gold has recently said, if London had not been so terribly alone. Mr. Stone, in one of the few downright stupid sentences in the book, says, "He was determined to be a Socialist writer in the days when it took as much courage to be a Socialist writer as it does nowadays not to be one." Much as Mr. Stone may admire the courage of his fellow-contributors to the *Saturday Evening Post,* we can assure him that the path of the Socialist writer today is not altogether easy. But it is easier than it was in London's day, and a great deal clearer. The superman in London might have found it less exciting to have scores of comrades, but the Socialist would have appreciated them. If there had been other writers with his problems, if other men had been using the same means towards the same ends, if his individualism had not been so augmented in the very act of avowing Socialism, the superman might have succumbed. "The strength of organized labor lies in its brotherhood," he wrote, knowing that comradeship with members of his craft was something denied him. If it had been possible for him, as it is possible for us, there is no telling where his talents would have taken him.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Revolution in Finland

MEEK HERITAGE, *by F. E. Sillanpää. Translated from the Finnish by Alexander Matson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

THIS revolutionary novel was written and published in Finland during, or just after, the White Terror of 1919, with which its own story ends.

It is the story, from birth, of an unpleasant old peasant with a "withered brain," who comes from enfeebled farming stock. His helpless old father is dispossessed, and dies; the mother and boy fly with many thousand famished beggars through the snow, dreading wolves.

Ruben Perez

It is not only the story of the slow-poke, Juha Toivola, who eventually, after a life of penury, becomes a "temocrat" and, quite in the course of human events, helps the revolutionary committee in 1917 and is shot as a rebel in his old age. It is also the story of Finland, in whose submerged depths his life passed and at whose surface it appeared only once.

In these sagas, as in a child's or old mother's rigmarole, life, the village, the master, the cow, the bedbug, and God as the comrade of emptiness and death, have equal parts in forming the child and deforming "the heart of life." In one neutral humanity the author, without comment, evokes master and servant, White "Butcher" and martyred rebel farmwomen. This produces a lucid atmosphere, in which history plays its own part and has its own emotions.

Here are pictures as simple and grand as Hardy's, of peasants starving and on the move from north to south, and farther south, of beggar hordes taking possession of staved-in cabins; of the moon looking down on paddocks and forests worth bags of gold, while human beings who have worked these fields and been denied these forests struggle by without a crust; of women selling the rags off the flophouse dead to get a few coffee-beans; of wolves coming with night and tattered women starving to death, leaving their children as slavies and farmhands. Juha Toivola was one of those.

What is remarkable in this honest and workmanlike book is that it conveys the sensation of secular life, snow-buried life rising to seasonal fruitfulness, spring fever being the first step towards black winter silences: and that it has more than a belief in, it has a fervent and inbred conviction of the community as life. It is this conviction that forms and forces the author's ideas. He never disputes for a moment that Juha the peasant is Finland the nation, that though Juha dies languidly and filthily, the nation, in his children, his neighbors, his executioners, will go on and accomplish its revolution, slowly, painfully, but in the course of nature. For the same reason, he avoids all highlights, all declamations, all "proletarian heroes": it is the submerged but irresistible life of the nation, in all its ins and outs, which counts. The country gets wind of its misery from city sheets, but it is the master-farmer who teaches the crofter rebellion, because only from him, who is his counterpart, can he learn. Also, the master, who does not want to fight his own crofters who work for him by immemorial right, learns from them, from Juha, that his class is lined up and that he must fight the crofters and hate them. This is the perception of a man impregnated with the idea of the social value of every individual, sprung from a nation in which the Socialist ideal is far advanced.

It is not a sentimental or remorseful story of "the man with the hoe," but:

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As he stalks there along the dark, wintry road, with his beard, his staring eyes, and his rifle, one can almost see perched on his lean shoulders the Puckish spirit of human progress; tongue in cheek, jerking and hopping, it urges old Juha Toivola onward. And seen in this fashion, Juha is by no means a repulsive individual. . . .

The story is written in plain, limber language with the familiar style of country saws. It is easy to read. Doubtless, political circumstances account for the rather sly, oppressively cautious sort of asides which sprinkle the text and even for a few pseudo-poetic but meaningless generalities about "the world and life"; but they are on the surface, which is written to appear smooth, ironic, detached. Immediately under it there is terror and agony which expresses itself not only in the author's choice of ideas about human beings—they are often compared to black crows flitting from one field to another—and in his choice of a hero, an absurd man with spiteful feelings towards everyone, hideous in his death, but also in one or two outspoken phrases. This black sigh over the sorrows of long-oppressed Finland is one such:

The summer of the proletariat in Finland—1917. Free, head proudly erect, the young laborer sauntered along the summery lanes: the crofter felt a new affection for his fields, from which breathed an inspiring promise. . . .

Yet in every phase of every stratum of the Finnish people everything turns mostly to tragedy, a strange, thin tragedy. Fate, instead of exterminating the nation, has subjected it to slow torture. . .

There is an artisan's revolt in it, too: It is a sort of counterblast to those writers who seek "folk-poems" from the horny-handed farmboy who has come to beg for bread, those who wish to set up falsely colored proletarian ideals in idle, romantic narratives.

CHRISTINA STEAD.

American Artist

CHARLES SHEELER: ARTIST IN THE AMERICAN TRADITION, *by Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace & Company. $3.*

MISS ROURKE'S book undertakes to present a full-length portrait of Charles Sheeler as man and artist; to show a continuity in the evolution of his style and a unity among the various influences and sources of his creative practice. She seeks to prove that Sheeler, whom we popularly know for his pictures of contemporary industrial America, is rooted in an earlier American cultural tradition, in early architecture and crafts; that his late work which appears so exhaustively factual and representational is invariably built on a frame of strictly formal composition; that the general absence of human figures nevertheless implies human, communal experience embodied in the scene depicted; that while his debt to foreign influences is profound, it serves to promote the creation of a native style; and

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that those and still other aspects of Sheeler's work are logical developments of Sheeler's character and evolution, the impact of personalities and events. The book accordingly gives a leisurely recital of Sheeler's career, his friends, his travels, his interests as they have affected his art.

Sheeler began with a study of industrial art but even before the course was completed he decided to transfer to the fine arts. He enrolled in the Pennsylvania Academy as a student under the then fashionable painter William Chase. Chase was almost everything Sheeler ultimately came to repudiate. He was a sort of Hals without Hals' lusty earthiness and simple humanity, a Hals debased to mere technical dexterity. He taught his pupils to look at the old masters in the same superficial way. It took Sheeler several years of independent investigation to divest himself of this influence and to discover that beyond the external technique of the old masters lay something more profound and significant. The same process of revising his views led to his acceptance of Cézanne and the Fauves.

To supplement his earnings Sheeler took up photography. At first he regarded photography and art as two entirely separate spheres of activity. In time, however, both assumed a close reciprocal relationship. Thus the author tells how Sheeler fell under the spell and influence of primitive Negro sculpture as he was making photographs of it; how his work on the short film *Mannahatta* affected his picture *Church Street El;* how his commission to photograph Ford's River Rouge plant led to such pictures as *City Interior.*

Parallel with his other interests was Sheeler's absorption in early American architecture and handicrafts, particularly Pennsylvania Dutch and the Shakers: barns, churches, meeting halls, tables, rugs, household utensils, which appear in many of his paintings and drawings. Sheeler's first pictures to be exhibited and attract attention were semi-abstractions (*Barn, Flower Forms, Hallway, Pertaining to Yachts and Yachting*). In 1913 he was invited to participate in the Armory Show. Miss Rourke recounts once again the celebrated story of that show which is now part of history. She likewise adds a chapter to recent American cultural history by describing the circle of free spirits—of whom Sheeler was one—who used to gather at Walter C. Arensberg's to decide the destiny and meaning of art and life. Here came, among others, Isadora Duncan, James Weldon Johnson, Margaret Anderson, Joseph Stella, Demuth, William Carlos Williams, and foreign visitors like Gleizes, Picabia, Marcel Duchamp.

Miss Rourke tells the story of Sheeler's life and career simply, graphically, even eloquently. She is less felicitous, however, in the analysis of what the French call the kitchen of Sheeler's art. All of Sheeler's works, even the most abstract, are definitely thematic (though, of course, more than merely thematic), despite elimination or stylization of detail. And his writing, which the author quotes liberally, is an exact counterpart of his art, straightforward and precise. Miss Rourke, however, is burdened with the abstractionist "form-in-space" legacy and consequently inclined to overstress the formalistic. As a result Sheeler emerges with "final and irreducible . . . form" and with such labels as "absolutist" and "metaphysical." Miss Rourke does not make clear whether that too is part of the American tradition.

The reproductions from Sheeler's photographs and his paintings are very good and quite inclusive of all his periods and manners, giving both a chronological and formal view of the artist's evolution.

LOUIS LOZOWICK.

A Program for Democracy

THE PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, *by George S. Counts. The John Day Co. $3.*

THESE are difficult times for democracy. During the last weeks the ruling classes of England and France retreated before the insatiable demands of fascism. Democracy is on the defensive. At this moment, Dr. George S. Counts restates the need—and the ability—of the American people to preserve their heritage. *The Prospects of American Democracy* is a solid book which, within certain important limitations, is well reasoned and convincing. Cherishing the ideals on which American democracy rests, Dr. Counts reaffirms the possibility of translating these ideals into practice. He insists that an offensive is the best defense: the fight must be not alone a struggle to preserve whatever liberty we already enjoy but in addition a struggle, ever more militant and conscious, to broaden and increase our participation in democracy.

The Prospects of American Democracy has been welcomed by liberal critics as a contribution to the anti-fascist cause. And with this judgment there can be no disagreement. But, continue some reviewers with a bit of a smirk, Dr. Counts has delivered a crushing blow to Communist ideologists who point out that capitalist democracy is not—and cannot be—the final solution of the injustices and misery arising from the contradictions of capitalist development; that democracy must be broadened; and that to realize the full benefits of democracy requires the establishment of a Socialist state. Dr. Counts has challenged all that, we are told, and as a result a critic like John Chamberlain anticipates violent denunciations of *The Prospects of American Democracy* from the left.

I feel a little guilty that I cannot oblige. True, Dr. Counts has lumped the totalitarian states with the Socialist Soviet Union under the head of "dictatorships" and has dismissed both fascism and Socialism as antipathetic to democracy. And there can be no doubt that such a generalization is slipshod and dangerous thinking, particularly in the light of Dr. Counts' own analyses of the Soviet Union,

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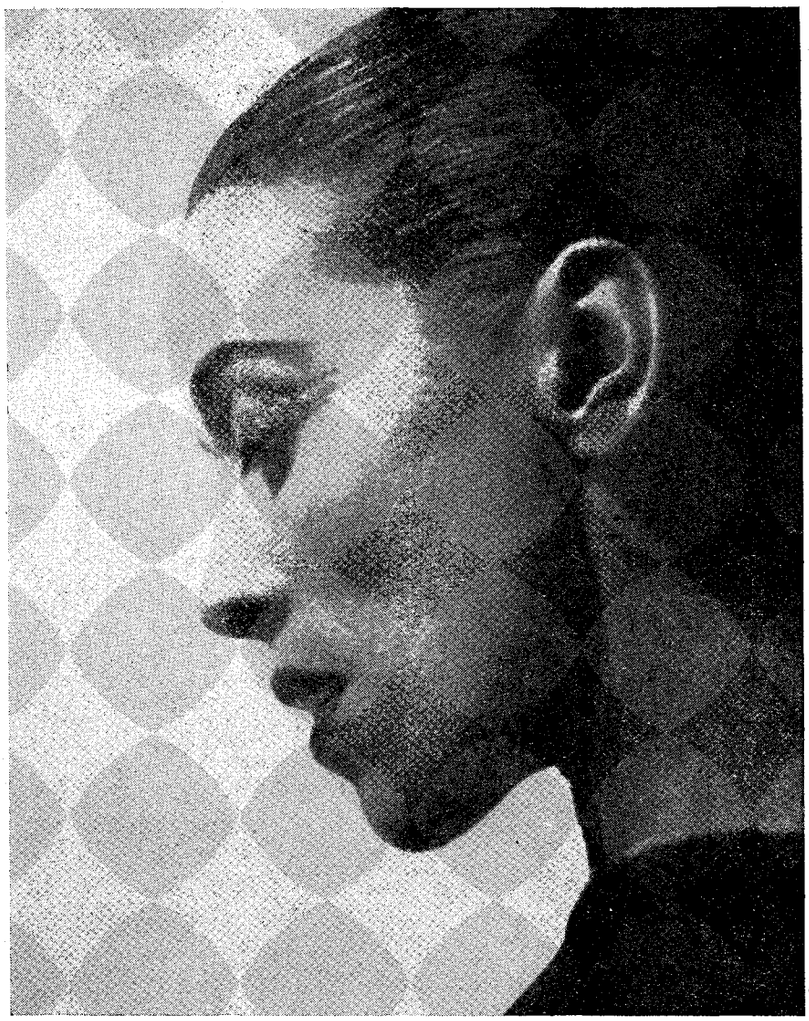
Germany, and Italy. In the fascist nations, Dr. Counts points to the dictatorship of a class, small in numbers, that controls the means of production to the detriment of the majority who are denied any voice in the state. In the Soviet Union, Dr. Counts discovers that the Revolution began as a dictatorship of the proletariat in conjunction with the peasantry (the great majority of Soviet citizens); that classes have rapidly disappeared; that the new Soviet constitution affirms "most of the rights guaranteed in the liberal constitutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries," and "adds certain rights over which the social struggle is being waged in the age of industrial civilization." He continues, "In *theory* the Revolution identifies itself fully and without reservation with the democratic movement in history." (Dr. Counts' emphasis.) However, Dr. Counts distrusts the theory; the Soviet Union is still not perfect, he protests. The struggle to establish Socialism, to widen democracy, is not yet at an end. And doubting, he condemns the Socialist state as undemocratic. The Russian system won't work here, he says. We have no great illiterate peasantry; our industrial development far surpasses that of Russia in 1920.

Granted. But who has ever contended that Socialism in the United States must experience every difficulty or must mimic every form that the Soviet Union passed through? Certainly not the Communists. Dr. Counts' reasoning is a little like that of the American tourist who declared that the United States would never tolerate Socialism because, in the tourist's mind, Socialism necessarily doomed a nation to insufficient plumbing since in a town along the Volga Soviet toilets were primitive.

Dr. Counts' misinterpretation of Socialism, his doubts about its fulfilling the task it has set for itself, merely limit his appraisal of the future of democracy. Dr. Counts still believes in the workability of democracy in the United States. And that is the value of his book. Every advocate of democracy welcomes the positive side of his statement. In his nine-point program all anti-fascists can find a basis for cooperation.

This is the program: (1) The professed friends of democracy must have faith in political democracy. (2) The ordinary citizen must obtain the knowledge necessary for a free man. (3) The masses must be organized as completely as possible. (4) Government must carry out popular mandates quickly and honestly. (5) Government must maintain a complete monopoly of the military and police powers. (6) Civil liberties must be guaranteed to the entire population without fear or favor. (7) All major campaigns of propaganda must be systematically and thoroughly exposed. (8) The temper of the democratic process must be conserved and strengthened. (9) War must be avoided.

Dr. Counts adds that it is not enough to consolidate what has already been won. The struggle must be directed against what John



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Taylor called, in the early nineteenth century, "the aristocracy of paper and patronage," the minority who compose the commercial, financial, and manufacturing plutocracy. "The very point at issue," Dr. Counts declares, "is whether a powerful economic aristocracy can be subdued by the democratic process." His nine-point program can be achieved only if the power of this minority is controlled. "The question of time may prove crucial," he warns. For democracy to resist attack, "the urgency of a comprehensive program of organized education, conceived boldly in terms of the present social realities and designed specifically to meet the current challenge of democracy is altogether patent."

In conclusion, Dr. Counts feels that "Whether American democracy is to survive tomorrow rests fundamentally upon the action taken by the friends of American democracy today." As a result, "the need for concerted and informed action on the part of friends of popular interest and welfare should be vigorously stated."

To all of this there can be only fervid agreement. The program of the democratic front is designed to carry into action methods that would fill this "need for concerted and informed action." Dr. Counts' nine-point program approaches the minimum demands that a people's front in America would necessarily embrace.

Dr. Counts has partially defined what Americans desire in their fight against reaction. That his analysis omits the role of class forces, that he does not perceive in Socialism the maturing and extension of democracy, does not too greatly detract from his ability to aid in preserving and extending American democracy today. He recognizes that the defeat of reaction is the most pressing need for America in this moment of imminent war. His book gives no comfort to those who would rob us of our heritage. Dr. Counts has added his voice to the growing chorus crying out against the economic aristocrats who would throttle the liberty and destroy the culture of America.

BRUCE MINTON.

Mexican Progress

A HISTORY OF MEXICO, *by Henry Bamford Parkes. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.75.*

MOST foreign observers have found it difficult to understand the complex history of Mexico. The practice of replacing elections with "revolutions," together with the picturesque, frequently melodramatic character of those uprisings and their leaders, has tended on the one hand to spread the impression that Mexican politics is more or less a comic-opera affair, and on the other hand, and as a consequence, has done much to obscure for the American people the vital social issues involved in the struggles beyond the Rio Grande. A competent account of Mexican history in English has long been needed, and never more so than at a time like the present. The workers' and peasants' revolution that began with the fall of the Díaz regime is at last beginning to bear significant fruit. The pace of social progress in Mexico has intensified the deadly enmity of Wall Street and other imperialists. The constant danger of intervention has become increasingly grave.

Dr. Parkes' book, therefore, comes at a most opportune moment; and it is extremely fortunate that Mexico's troubled story should be fully told in English for the first time by one who is not only a thorough scholar, but who possesses the rare gift of combining his unobtrusive erudition with an engaging style—an uncommon achievement in the field of historical writing. The author's approach is essentially that of the historical materialist, based upon the play of class forces in Mexican society and in the world of capitalism. Only once or twice does he show signs of lapsing into an idealistic point of view, and then chiefly in connection with more purely cultural or esthetic aspects of Mexican life, with regard to racial traits and the like. On the whole, he is admirably free of the numerous mysticisms fostered by Hispanic ideologists, from which the foreign specialist escapes only by a miracle.

The underlying stress of the book is properly laid upon the native Indian basis of Mexican civilization and the Mexican Revolution. The aboriginal communalism (cf. Lewis Morgan), as represented in modern times by the *ejido,* or peasant commune, is a basic factor here as in other parts of Latin America, and must be taken into account if one is to understand concretely the land hunger of the Mexican people, their slogan of "Tierra y libertad" ("Land and freedom"). The author correctly points out that Mexican history has been a spiral, and not a circle as it may appear to many. Mexico found herself faced with the problem of attaining national liberation, in the early decades of the last century, without the presence of a developed bourgeoisie; the bourgeois-democratic revolution, the uncompleted revolt against feudalism, did not come until the 1850's. But even in the struggle for national freedom, as far back as the days of Hidalgo and Morelos, the elements of the modern people's revolution had been present, just as the germ of the proletarian revolution in Europe may be found in the eighteenth-century struggle of Babeuf and his followers.

The evolution and the fate of liberalism in Mexico provide an interesting study.

The victory of liberalism in Mexico created a social structure of which the Mexicans themselves were unable to take advantage and of which, in consequence, the beneficiaries were to be the bourgeoisie of foreign nations. Not until the twentieth century would Mexican intellectuals begin to think in Mexican terms and to adapt their ideals to the needs of their own people.

That is what Cárdenas and the other leaders of the Mexican Revolution are doing today; and that is what is so hard for the bourgeois intellectuals of other countries to comprehend.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Poison on the Luce

A RAY of gladsome sunshine turned up this week to brighten the sad hearts of New York's very, very upper classes, beset on all sides by that man Roosevelt and other grim facts of life. Park Avenue welcomed, with many pretty cries of "bravo," not to mention furious applause, Clare Boothe's new comedy, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*. Indeed, mink-coated ladies, in spite of their servant problems, are currently laughing themselves into declines at Mrs. Henry Luce's (Time, Inc.) delicate horse-opera of rape in bath houses and seduction in bushes. This reviewer, however, was not amused.

For I may be just an old radical fogy, but dirty words on toilet walls never make me laugh, and decadence in all its delicate beauty gives me attacks of severe nausea. Mrs. Luce's play confirms my suspicions that America's aristocracy suffers from a severe case of arrested adolescence. *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* is not only anti-Negro and anti-union and anti-New Deal, it is also slightly feeble-minded. If we must have reaction in the theater, at least it ought to be literate. I don't know what Brock Pemberton, the producer, was thinking of, unless Mrs. Luce's husband *(Life, Fortune,* et al) guarantees losses of prestige as well as money.

I suppose there is a sort of back-handed humor in the spectacle of Mrs. Luce attempting to write about her betters. Her little offering is an attempt to show that intellectuals are a bunch of low rotters while blue-bloods who breed horses and believe in lynchings carry on for the good of the race and the American people. (Cheers.) Since Mrs. Luce has permanently disqualified herself as an intellectual with this play, she peoples her drama with five or six foul-mouthed, spineless, corrupt, dull individuals whom she has the gall to label writers, editors, columnists, and the like.

Fighting my way through the welter of ermine wraps in the lobby after the first act, I discovered to my surprise that Mrs. Luce's fans believed she had written a mighty witty attack on Heywood Broun into her play. No one who knows Heywood Broun will notice any resemblance between the president of the American Newspaper Guild and the feeble caricature in *Kiss the Boys Goodbye.*

The "intellectuals" who appear in Mrs. Luce's drama are background for her hero, a dumb lad from Long Island who plays mighty good polo, and her two heroines, an aristocrat from the Deep South and a ditto from Park Avenue. They have a corner on such tidbits of decency as manage to worm their way into *Kiss the Boys Goodbye.*

The plot of the comedy doesn't matter much, except that it involves two Negro characters. Mrs. Luce makes slapstick fun of a Negro who wants to be an actor, implying, of course, that Negroes should stick to polishing shoes and suchlike. She reserves her sympathy for a Negro woman who "knows her place" and is shown groveling before the fair flower of the Southland, Cindy Lou.

Kiss the Boys Goodbye really wouldn't matter enough to waste all these paragraphs on, if it were not that Park Avenue finds it so terribly, terribly amusing. For Mrs. Luce's drama is apparently red-hot, grownup satire in the opinion of New York's richest patrons of the arts. People who can laugh at the imbecile jokes in this play can laugh at anything, including Czechoslovakia.

THE THEATRE GUILD used to produce New York's significant drama, years ago. But progressive ennui has overtaken the art-loving ladies and gentlemen of Broadway's subscription drama, reaching its climax (I hope) in this week's trivial little play, *Dame Nature.*

Patricia Collinge adapted *Dame Nature* from the French, Worthington Minor directed it, the Theatre Guild gave it the usual impeccable production, a talented and capable cast played it for all it was worth—and in spite of all that *Dame Nature* is hopelessly and irrevocably dull.

Of course, I find whimsy embarrassing and perhaps people who like gentle little items about fifteen-year-old children having babies will simply adore *Dame Nature.* Personally, the idea of a young father trying to get a 10 percent reduction on a baby carriage via his Boy Scout's card only makes me look for the nearest exit.

The Theatre Guild needs a shot of vitality. A little red meat and strong drink would do wonders for the box-office as well as prestige.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

Malman

Sacha the Showoff

SACHA GUITRY of France has some of the piquant qualities of a Noel Coward, Jean Cocteau, Tristan Bernard, René Clair, or a Jules Romains (the Romains who ceases the interminable *Men of Good Will* monument for a pause to make a jest like *The Boys in the Back Room).* Sacha just loves to put on false faces and parade near the footlights, wafting *bons mots* to the audience. In his film *The Story of a Cheat,* at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, you are almost bodily nudged with Sacha's elbow after he has delivered a quip. Indeed, in one scene, Sacha comes through a revolving door in six or so of his transformations, advances each time to the camera, and broadly winks at the film audience to assure them that it is really he.

I wouldn't stand for this from anybody else but Bernard Shaw. In Sacha's film the ego element is foremost and, I must add, responsible for as many explosive laughs as we've had all summer. The guy gets away with it, makes you love it. He hogs the picture outrageously, at the expense of such fine people as Serge Grave as the young cheat, Marguerite Moreno as a countess with lurid memories of *l'amour,* Rosine Derean as a fascinating jewel thief—even his own gorgeous wife, Jacqueline Delubac, has to sit still while Sacha shows off.

His method in this stunt flyer into the film consists of having his cast pantomime while Sacha comments on the side, groans for them, hisses for them, speaks their words of love, and tells us what they are thinking. Evidently Sacha can't make a noise like a roulette wheel or he would have taken over the sound man's duties also.

The distinction of the French film lies largely in the fact that it is a director's art. While the great men like Renoir dominate a picture by drawing their impressive effects from the actors, Sacha relies on himself. He is a flashy preliminary fighter, who comes out

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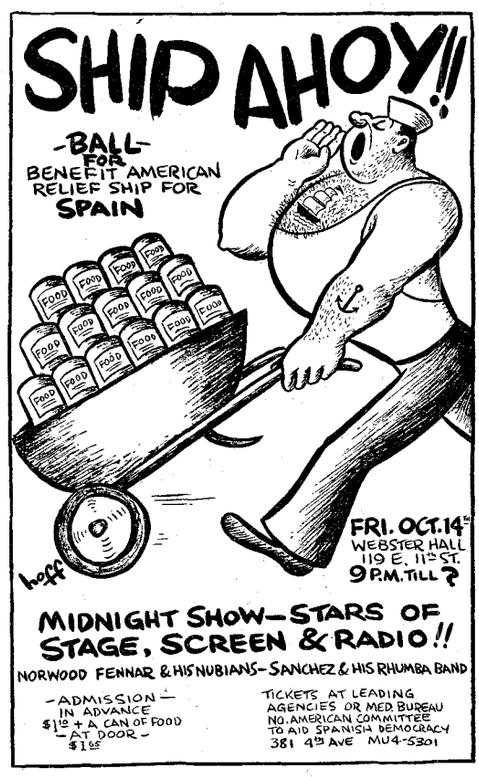

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feinting and twisting, then comes in close for a light one-two punch to the ribs that leaves you tickled pink. Let others play with the bow, Sacha Guitry prefers to pluck the strings. *The Story of a Cheat* is a pizzicato conceit which is, in a word that has been beaten within an inch of its life by the critics, very charming. John Erskine's translation is in spirit and the appropriate music is by Adolphe Borchard.

WELL, FELLOWS, if you catch me around Mable's Fish & Chips in my full regimentals, with the Dugan plaid thrown rakishly over my shoulder, you can put it down to the English movie *Drums* at the Music Hall. I'll be waiting to be called to the colors to have my go for the King against the heathen in the hills around Khyber Pass. Kipling, me, Neville Chamberlain, and Zoltan Korda, hefting the White Man's Burden. Up Neville! Down Nehru!

Treacherous coves, these Indians. A chap can't have any peace with them a-lurkin' under the agency window, covetin' the commandant's lady and scotch and water. Machine guns they have and your guess is as good as mine where they got 'em. Some think the Bolshies is behind it, but that's neither here nor there. Korda, the director, made a bully film of it, right enough, and this little chap Sabu has a stout English heart even if he is a rugged aborigine. Should see the lad tipping off the major when his bloody uncle, the Sultan, connives to topple our lads in an ambush. A bit of alright!

Drums should show the blighters out there who's their friends. Let a little daylight through the heathen and they catch on quick enough with their always yelling about independence. Let 'em go to their cinemas and see. If they don't want it that way we'll jolly well find other methods.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER GUILD (huzza!) and the peevish outbursts of the publishers (boo!) have well nigh riddled the romance of the cinema city desk—so much so that MGM has been moved to investigate the allure of newsreel photography. In *Too Hot to Handle* the profession turns out to be somewhat the nuts in the way of adventure. Motivated by Myrna Loy and the Union Newsreel Co., Clark Gable does a Dick Tracy with bells on. In two hours of shameless fakery, both in technique and script, Clark snaps a Japanese bombing in China; a plane crash, an exploding munitions ship, the rescue of a lost explorer (Myrna's brother—get it?), and a gangster battle. Miss Loy, praise be, does not conceal her disgust at the banality of Laurence Stallings' and John Lee Mahin's confection. In the bombing sequence the scenario goes several antediluvian levels below MGM's previous mark for bad taste. In my most charitable mood I'd check this as a loud juvenile.

ANOTHER MINOR STINKER is working at the Criterion. *Sons of the Legion* occupies a lot of nice children with the kind of knav-

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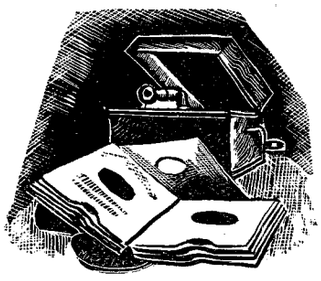
ery of which I'd hesitate to accuse their most raucous elders. Donald O'Connor, the little lad who looked good in Bing Crosby's *Sing You Sinners,* is forced to mouth a lot of ordinary Homer Chaillaux "Americanisms" and some crude anti-Semitic homilies to boot. The veterans themselves rated this one by staying away in the thousands from its showing during the legion convention in Los Angeles. You will welcome this opportunity, I'm sure, to achieve a rapprochement with the legion.

UNTIL I CLEAR UP DEFINITELY whether or not S. J. Perelman wrote the script of *Youth Marches On,* an Oxford Group sermon at the Belmont, I can't trust myself to advise all you people. If he didn't, Bill Pickle, the original convert, who hangs around the corner at State College, Pa., has given me an exaggerated estimate of Dr. Frank Buchman's ability. If Perelman did write it, it's a masterpiece, and should have been snapped up for the Marx Brothers. When the adenoidal English boy who represents a Canadian cowpuncher gave our little group the theme song of God-control on the Lone Prairee-e-e, I was sure it was Professor Perelman. The rest of the bill consists of a Danielle Darrieux musical in French made in the UFA studios, Berlin, Germany. The management, a little uneasy, has given out to the press that it is diverting 10 percent of the receipts to German refugees, a quaint afterthought indeed.

JAMES DUGAN.

Modern Recordings

HAVING discussed the summer's classical recordings last week, I am able in this issue to touch on the season's equally rich modern recordings. I liked best Prokofieff's rowdy *Lieutenant Kije* Suite (and of course the Violin Concerto mentioned last week) played and recorded to absolute perfection by Koussevitzky for Victor, and the Walton Viola Concerto played by Frederick Riddle with the composer conducting for Decca. Debussy's *Iberia* conducted by Barbirolli (Victor) is a routine performance superbly recorded; one gets more rounded qualities in the Fifth Volume of the Sibelius Society—Fourth Sympathy, *Return of Lemminkäinen,* and *Tempest* excerpts—conducted by Beecham (Victor), and Dohnanyi's *Symphonic Minutes* (Decca). Lord Berners' *Triumph of Neptune* Suite (Columbia) is amusing stuff: it and Varèse's *Octandre* (New Music Quarterly Recordings) are of special interest to balletomanes; the latter was used for the finale of Hanya Holm's *Trend.* The best Americana is a set of Charles Ives' songs by Mordecai Baumann (New Music Quarterly), although Harl McDonald's Hebraic Poems (Victor) offer some unusually well turned native orchestral writing.



Charles Martin

Among the discs of folk and traditional music there is a welcome coupling of Palestine songs sung by Bracha Sfirah (Columbia), a grand Robeson record of two Spirituals and a work song from Gellert's collection, "Work All De Summer" (Victor), and a unique anthology of Street Cries by Negro fish, flower, etc., hucksters of Charleston, S. C. (Society for the Preservation of Spirituals). The famous American programs of Lehman Engel's Madrigal Singers are well represented in an album-set of Revolutionary and Civil War tunes, traditional songs, and the like (Columbia), and more fine local color is to be found in the Boston Pops Orchestra's records of "Turkey in the Straw" set by Guion, "Pop Goes the Weasel" in Cailliet's variations, and "Old Timers' Night at the Pops"—a Gay Nineties medley that is grand for parties (Victor).

While we're still waiting to get some Soviet records or even domestic discs of outstanding Soviet composers (the best of the few available are the Shostakovich First Symphony—Victor—and String Octet—Timely—and the song and balalaika ensemble discs issued under the "New Star" label), we can at least be grateful for a couple of discs recorded by the Red Army Choir and Orchestra, conducted by A. V. Alexandrov, during a visit to Paris (Columbia). The tribute to the French hosts—"La Marseillaise" and "Le Chant du Départ"—is not as interesting a coupling as Knipper's "Song of the Plains" and the folk song "The White Whirlwind."

There are three notable "diction" albums: the Orson Welles Mercury Theatre version of *Julius Cæsar* (Columbia), James Weldon Johnson—recorded shortly before his tragic death—in excerpts from *God's Trombones* (Musicraft), and a superb anthology—including "The Man with the Hoe"—of poems and informal talk by Edwin Markham (Timely).

Finally, there's the sensational and highly blurbed Walco Sapphire needle that plays practically forever and solves all needle problems—maybe. I've been using one for several months and it works like the magic it claims to be. It seems a little too good to be true, but the only catch apparent so far is that it requires special adjustment for some machines. However, a little experimenting and—if necessary—advice from Musicraft, the distributor, should solve the occasional individual difficulties. As far as I'm concerned the Walco Sapphire is the first permanent or semi-permanent needle I've ever come across that stands up satisfactorily to every test I've been able to give it.

ROY GREGG.

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